HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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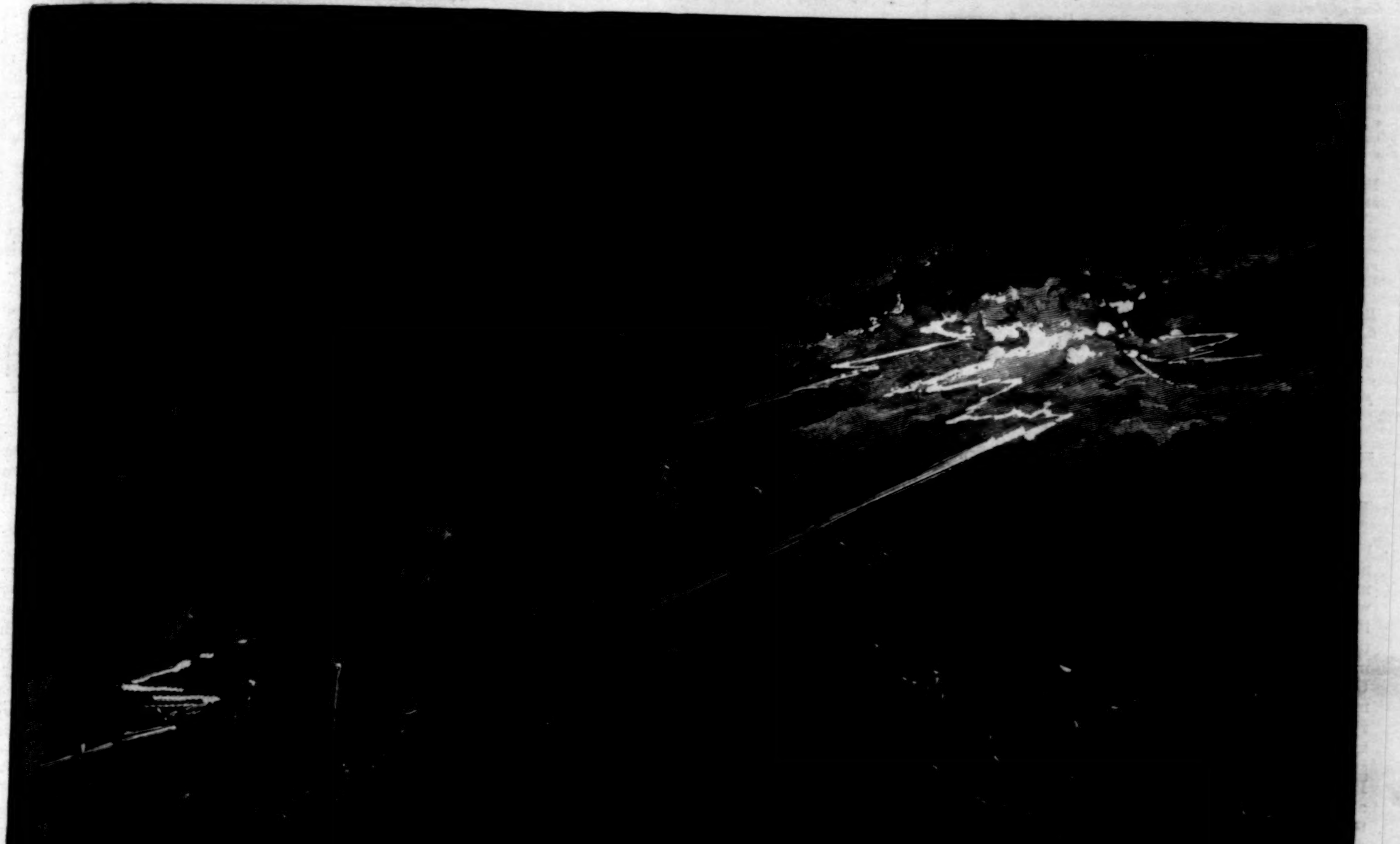


IN THE PATH OF THE CYCLONE.—[See Page 279.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, May 5, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate Alfred Domett's "Christmas Hymn"*—the drawing to be suitable for publication in* Harper's Magazine, *and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age—*Messrs. Harper & Brothers *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by Messrs. Harper & Brothers *not later than August* 1, 1883, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

Mr. R. Swain Gifford, N.A.; Mr. F. D. Millet, A.N.A.; *and* Mr. Charles Parsons, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department*, Harper & Brothers, *will act as judges of the competition.*

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for Harper's Magazine *of December*, 1883; *and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* Harper's Weekly, $300; *one page* Harper's Bazar, $200; *one page* Harper's Young People, $100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, Messrs. Harper & Brothers *reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.*

Two Christmas Hymns by Alfred Domett *have been published. That published in* 1837 *is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

SETTING THE TUNE.

FOR a year or two before every Presidential election the Democratic managers engage in an animated controversy to decide what the party shall profess for the purposes of the election. But for more than twenty years it has uniformly taken the wrong position. In 1860, in obedience to its tradition and practice of many years, it presented itself as the friend of slavery. In 1864 it proclaimed an ignominious surrender to the rebellion, and nominated a Union soldier who had lost the confidence of Union men. In 1868 it asserted the unconstitutionality of reconstruction, and nominated an opponent of the war. In 1872 it shouted for shaking hands and forgetfulness, and nominated a Republican protectionist. In 1876 it professed reform in general, and nominated a Copperhead. In 1880 it pronounced for a revenue tariff, and nominated a brave soldier, who knocked over the revenue plank with one hand and gave the other to the paper-money charlatans. It has left no "cry" or "dodge" untried. But with every fresh effort it has only shown that as a party it represented nothing whatever but a desperate desire for place and patronage. Even in the midst of the extraordinary result of the election last autumn, when the Republicans were everywhere defeated, nobody acknowledged more fully and frankly than leading Democrats that it was not a Democratic triumph, but merely Republican discontent.

The contest over the profession which the party should make in 1884 has already begun, and is already very warm. It will be practically decided, before the Convention meets, by the election of Speaker next December. If Mr. Randall should be elected Speaker, the Democratic Convention would evade the question of protection, and it would probably select Mr. Randall as the candidate for the Presidency. Should he be defeated as Speaker, the Convention would pronounce strongly for something which would be generally interpreted as free trade, and the party would lose the active and efficient support of the Randall element, while the Republican platform would be so drawn as not to exclude men of Mr. Randall's views. The defeat of Mr. Randall as Speaker, after the contest which is now raging solely upon his tariff views, and which will be very thorough by the time that Congress meets, would be fairly interpreted as conclusive evidence that the Democratic party does not hold the views for which he stands; and as he is but a moderate protectionist, his defeat would be held to foreshow a free-trade policy in the event of Democratic success in 1884.

This view is rejected by many of the free-trade Democrats upon the ground that the phrase free trade is improperly applied to their position, which is that of tariff revision in the interest of revenue instead of protection. Nobody, they allege, in the actual situation is for free trade, because vested interests and established industries must be considered. Here, however, is the weakness of the anti-Randall Democratic view. An open declaration for free trade, if combined with an honest demand for civil service reform, would dissolve the Democratic party, and probably lead to party reorganization. But the present Democratic party, which is hostile to civil service reform, and which is profoundly distrusted for many reasons, could not renounce the free trade cry, and demand merely tariff revision in the interest of revenue and with careful regard to established interests, without provoking the immediate rejoinder of all independent free-traders that for such results, in view of the character and career of the Democratic party, they preferred to trust the Republican party. A new party might entice such voters. But, after the contest which is now proceeding within the Democratic party, they would no more expect a wise revenue policy from it than they would expect administrative reform. There would be a profound conviction that "somebody was to be cheated." Policies make parties, not parties policies.

MAYOR EDSON'S APPEAL.

Mayor Edson's plain and vigorous appeal to the intelligent citizens of New York to save the building of the aqueduct from degenerating into a mere job for the benefit of disreputable politicians is a summons which deserves the cordial response of all honest citizens. Whatever mistakes the Mayor may have committed—and we have not hesitated to comment upon them—his present movement is indicative of a courage and a perception which are in the highest degree admirable.

He says plainly that an effort is making to change the wise safeguards of the bill by those who desire to control for their own selfish purposes the vast power which the Aqueduct Bill confers, and that the conspiracy will succeed unless the citizens of New York protest in the most emphatic and resolute manner. The work of building a new aqueduct is one which necessarily involves the outlay of an immense sum of money, and men who make a mercenary trade of politics will fight desperately to obtain for themselves the handling of the money. They would not hesitate to double the indispensable expense, and to make a work which might reasonably cost twenty millions of dollars cost forty millions, to be paid by the people of this city.

It is well for those who do not pay taxes directly to remember that they do pay them indirectly in higher rents and prices. It is the great body of the community whom the political jobbers and swindlers swindle while they pretend that only tax-payers suffer. The money stolen by the Tweed Ring came at last out of the pockets of poor men equally with those of rich men. The Mayor's appeal is to no party or class except that of the honest citizens, and we presume that by the time these words are printed they will have moved in response to his warning.

CRIMINAL CONSPIRACY.

The questions of extradition and of repressing criminal conspiracy are very different. When the London *Standard* suggests that we should "extend our extradition laws so as to include Dynamite bravos," it forgets that the extradition treaty concerns only the surrender of persons accused of overt acts, under evidence which would hold them for trial in this country. The question of punishing "Dynamite bravos" is the question whether a conspiracy in this country to commit crime elsewhere shall be made penal. The *Standard*, we apprehend, is mistaken in saying that such a conspiracy is forbidden by English law, because Jacob Thompson and his confederates in Canada plotted to commit crime in New York and elsewhere during the rebellion, and were not molested by English law; and Lord Palmerston was defeated in a proposition to make conspiracy to murder a felony, although Mr. Gladstone, who opposed the project, demanded that the existing law should be amended if it were found necessary. The fact that the United States were at war when Thompson and Benjamin conspired did not justify English inaction, if there was a law to restrain such conspiracies, because a plot to infect cities with pestilence, and to poison and burn enemies, could not be regarded as lawful acts of war.

It is not, however, a question of precedent, but of public expediency and comity. Ought the United States to prevent conspiracies within their jurisdiction to commit crime elsewhere? If there are Dynamite plots and plotters in this country looking to the destruction of life and property in England, there being no lawfully recognized state of war, ought they to be tolerated? If it were known that a knot of men in New York had contrived a torpedo which was to be taken to the Mediterranean and attached to any English ship for the purpose of destroying it and all its company, in order that Parliament might be terrorized into passing certain laws which the plotters professed to desire, would the Government of the United States look on quietly, under the plea that political refugees must not be touched, or that its own citizens—supposing them to be such—had committed no offense? If a naturalized Irishman in New York arranges with accomplices in England to murder Englishmen because he disapproves the course of the British Government, is he to be regarded as engaged in a legitimate political movement, and to escape scot-free while his agent is hung? And if so, why? What would prevent any such crime plotted in this country from being cloaked as a political movement?

It is a puerile pretext that to plot the destruction of innocent persons in England is an act of war upon the part of Ireland. England is not at war with Ireland, and no authorized body of Irishmen has declared that, in the inability of Ireland to organize armies and warlike operations, every kind of violence against Englishmen is justifiable. On the contrary, the most eminent and trusted of the Irish leaders disclaim any such view. The question, therefore, whether American law should permit crime to be organized here to be committed beyond its reach answers itself. Our position should be that of Mr. Gladstone in the Palmerston debate: "Let the existing law be vindicated, and then proceed to amend it if found necessary." The man who is detected in printing counterfeit notes is amenable to the law whether he has uttered them or not. The man who abuses his asylum or his citizenship in this country to procure the commission of nefarious crimes, not legitimate acts of hostility, elsewhere, should be summarily dealt with by our own law. This is undoubtedly the best American opinion, and there is no question that it is the opinion also of intelligent and honorable Irishmen in this country.

A SURPRISE AND A DISAPPOINTMENT.

The Chief Examinership under the Civil Service Commission is a very important place, because the incumbent is really the executive officer of the Commission. He acts under its control, indeed, but he has great opportunities, and can largely mould the whole work. If the President had offered the place to Mr. Burt in a manner which would have enabled him to accept it with proper self-respect and without betraying the reform—as we have already explained—he could not have declined the position. But under the circumstances he could not honorably have accepted. That he was singularly fitted for the post was universally conceded. To great administrative ability and urbanity he adds profound confidence and long experience in the reformed system, with the reason and methods and details of which he is fully acquainted. Some such man is indispensable in the position. The selection of any examiner-in-chief who is not fully identified with the reformed system by conviction and sympathy must necessarily affect unfavorably the public impression of the good faith with which the work is to be undertaken.

The appointment has been awaited with great interest and with great hope, as it was known that the President would be governed largely by the preference of the Commissioners, and the result, due to their recommendation, is a serious disappointment. The gentleman selected to be Chief Examiner is Mr. De B. Randolph Keim, of Pennsylvania, a gentleman well known in Washington, but who is wholly unknown anywhere as a friend of reform. What is said in explanation of his appointment is not re-assuring. That he has knowledge of men is vague praise, and that he is familiar with the work of the Departments is a recommendation of all the professional politicians at the capital.. We know that in making such appointments many things must be considered, and many concessions must be made. But whatever these may be, and however pressing, one thing is absolutely indispensable at the outset of the new movement upon the part of all concerned, and that is hearty faith and interest in the necessity and practicability of reform. It is evident that if Mr. Keim had been nominated as a Commissioner instead of Mr. Eaton, the selection would necessarily have impeached the good faith of the President. In the same way his selection by the Commission as Chief Examiner is inexplicable, because it lacks the primary and vital qualification.

The new Examiner is not known to have convictions or knowledge or experience to fit him for the duties of the place. It was not impossible, however, to find those who combined all these qualities, and a selection from among them would have been the most satisfactory earnest to the country of a simple resolution to carry out the law in its spirit—the only way in which it can be made effective. It will be a cause of sincere regret if the selection shall prove to have been intended as a stroke of miscalled "diplomacy"—a choice made to conciliate the politicians. Half-way reform in the civil service is impossible. It is like a scheme of modified slavery or limited gambling. Modified slavery is slavery, and gambling is not less gambling because it is limited. "Influence" and favoritism and personal patronage can not be blended with selection by proved merit or, as in this case, by obvious and known fitness. The President, so far as appears, left the selection to the Commission, which is therefore really responsible for it. The Commission certainly will not doubt the disposition of every Reform Association and every individual reformer in the country to co-operate with it in the most friendly manner. But as the National League did not hesitate to criticise and censure certain acts of the President which it thought prejudicial to the cause, every friend of reform must frankly criticise and condemn whatever appears to be similar injury to the cause upon the part of the Commission.

OUR LOST STREETS.

A city without streets is only a little less absurd than a city without houses. Yet New York is in a fair way to be deprived of her streets, so far as their usefulness for the original purposes of streets is concerned. The surface and the elevated railroads, the telegraph, the steam-heating, and the electric-lighting companies, and the men who never cease to dig up the pavements on the pretense of laying gas, water, and sewer pipes, have done their best to make our streets not only useless, but dangerous. If we do not fall into sewer excavations, we are liable to be blown up by exploding steam-pipes, crushed by the fall of telegraph posts, or cut to pieces by railway cars; and traffic is interrupted by the sappers and miners who are constantly digging pitfalls for horses and vehicles.

Not content with having taken most of our avenues and important cross-streets from us, the insatiate marauders are now trying to dig up Broadway, apparently with the view of carting it away to Harlem flats or elsewhere. The promoters of the Arcade railroad scheme propose first to convert Broadway into a deep trench, and then to cover it with a roof at the level of the present pavement, to be used by vehicles and pedestrians, as the pavement is now used. Thus we shall have a surface Broadway and a subterranean Broadway—the latter to be used by railways, and to contain gas, water, and sewer pipes, as well as electric wires and steam-pipes. Could the work be done in a single night it might be regarded as a benefit to the city, but as it will take months and probably years to blast a vast trench out of the solid rock and to cover it in accordance with the Arcade plan, of what possible use will Broadway be either to shop-keepers or to the general public while the work is in progress? It is true that the promoters of the Arcade scheme profess to have invented a plan by which the work of excavating and covering Broadway can be done without the slightest interruption to traffic. Perhaps they are sincere; but hitherto no method of digging the earth from underneath the feet of horses and of men without attracting their attention and putting them to more or less inconvenience has been devised.

If our streets are to be entirely taken away from us, we might as well accept our fate and try to provide ourselves with some tolerable substitute for streets. We might, for example, cut passages through the centre of each block for the use of pedestrians only. On these passages the shops and the front doors of dwelling-houses and public buildings could be placed, while the present so-called streets could be wholly given up to the corporate brigands. Or we might take a hint from the elevated railroad companies and provide ourselves with aerial streets, laid out on the roofs of houses, and provided with bridges between every two adjacent blocks. Surely our condition is a pitiable one. New York is popularly supposed to possess some measure of self-government and some of the privileges of freedom; but the people of the cities of monarchical Europe and despotic Asia have one great advantage over us—their streets have never yet been taken from them either by legal trickery or by bold and reckless robbery.

ANOTHER WISE APPOINTMENT.

Governor Cleveland was warmly and generally commended last week, except by mere politicians, for the appointment of the Deputy Superintendent of Insurance to succeed the late Superintendent. President Arthur has shown the same loyalty to sound principles in appointing Mr. Andrew Mason, an accomplished expert in the Assay Office at New York, to succeed Mr. Van Wyck, the late Superintendent. Mr. Mason is not an active politician, and is conceded to be peculiarly fitted for the position.

The universal satisfaction with which such appointments are received shows how deep and strong is the public feeling that places in the civil service should be filled by those who are proved to be competent, and not by the mere parasites of politicians. The reasons for such appointments as those of Mr. McCall and Mr. Mason are equally applicable to selections for other positions which require either special knowledge or only intelligence, business habits, diligence, and integrity. The latter qualities can never be assumed to exist in persons who are appointed as a reward of political activity of a very questionable kind.

Promotions, indeed, should depend very largely upon meritorious service. The object of formal examinations and probations is to ascertain a fitness which actual service demonstrates, and when admission to the service is regulated so as to baffle personal influence and intrigue, promotions should be determined chiefly by actual conduct. This is the view held by the Reform Associations, and it is that which the President and the Governor in the two signal instances mentioned have put into practice.

AUSTIN DOBSON'S "FIELDING."

The charming lecture upon Fielding which Thackeray—whom Mr. Dobson calls Fielding's "literary descendant"—delivered thirty years ago revived that interest in the great novelist which has never since flagged. There is very much in sympathy between the two men and writers. Of both the word manly, in its richest and fullest sense, is most descriptive, and the younger author's tribute to the older is one of the heartiest and most touching in literature.

Those who are familiar with the verse and prose of Austin Dobson will feel at once his fitness to be the biographer of Fielding, and in the latest issue of the "English Men of Letters," which the Harpers have just published, he has told the simple story with a fine appreciation and gentleness of tone which are very delightful. He enters into no elaborate criticism; but there is no more copious account of all Fielding's works, with a shrewd and sympathetic commentary, and a general estimate of his powers which is no more generous than just.

Scott called him the father of the English novel, and he still remains one of the sturdiest and strongest figures in English literary history. The undoubted fact that the clear mirror which he held up to nature reveals much that modern taste and manners do not tolerate does not affect the honest purpose of his work, nor the comprehensive, sweet, and kindly humanity of his genius. At its best—and by his best must every man be judged—it was a healthy and corrective power, in its joyous range like that of Chaucer, and in its insight even Shakespearean. Mr. Dobson has made an exceedingly interesting addition to this notable series, which is the most valuable collection of complete and satisfactory literary biographies. In no other way so briefly, concisely, and adequately as in this series can the literary history of England be studied. Each neat and convenient volume contains the life of a conspicuous author, based upon all the biographies and all modern information and annotation. The collection is a very valuable and most delightful household literary library.

A WISE WOMAN.

A Washington correspondent of the *Tribune* reports a conversation with a very sensible woman in the government service, and some of her observations have a general application. The "practical woman," as the correspondent well describes her, says that she anticipates from the reformed system the appointment and advancement of capable women in the service, and the prevention of the appointment of incompetent women by mere influence. This kind of appointment has long been one of the scandals of the public service. The odium of the inefficiency of such women, as this shrewd observer truly says, falls upon all women in the service, "for men judge themselves as individuals, and women as a class." That is a very significant remark. If a man is a useless clerk, intemperate, or idle, or ignorant, he is as much a nuisance and loss in the office as a woman of the same kind. But, says our critic, "you never hear the remark, 'It is a great mistake to appoint men to these places.'" Yet why not generalize in the one case as in the other? If an incompetent woman proves that women should not be employed in an office, why does not an incompetent man prove that men should not be employed?

The same wise observer, who has been eighteen years in the service, thinks that it is an unfair discrimination against women to assume their inability to fill any but the lowest places, and to grant them peculiar privileges. The head of a bureau permits women to do as they please, and then grumbles that they are less efficient clerks than men. She anticipates fair play for women under the new rules, and she says, undoubtedly with truth, that there are no better clerks in the Treasury Department to-day than women who were appointed and promoted under the original rules in 1872–3.

BRYANT'S POEMS.

With Mr. Godwin's *Life of Bryant*, of which we recently spoke, was issued by the Appletons the final and complete collection of Bryant's poetry, in two beautiful volumes uniform with the *Life*, and the series will be completed by two more volumes, one of orations and addresses, and one of sketches of travel. The volumes now published are exceedingly handsome books, the solid unglazed paper, broad page, and black, legible type giving a dignity of aspect befitting the grave and vigorous verse. This will of course remain the permanent library edition of Bryant's poems, including some thirty or more which were never before published. The simplicity of his verse, its total freedom from mere literary artifice or fashion, its truthfully pictorial Americanism, and its natural feeling of nature, will give it a permanent place in literature. It is always cool, observant, reflective, sometimes deepening into solemn feeling, but never kindling into passion or ecstasy. But this sobriety of tone is in itself a charm.

Mr. Godwin's duties as editor are admirably done. He has wisely given the date of every poem, and the place in which it was written, and he has supplied whatever notes were necessary. We have already spoken of the delightful and delicate biography, and we have to add only that in his biographer and editor Mr. Bryant is singularly fortunate.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Hubert Herkomer has been so successful in securing orders for portraits that it is said he will return to England with fifty thousand dollars of American money in his pockets.

—That enterprising class of operators, the boot-blacks, are cutting rates. One of them greeted a pedestrian the other day with the cry, "Shine, sir?—three cents." Five years ago the offer to do the business for five cents was considered especially condescending.

—Amateur stock-raising is sometimes profitable. Three gentlemen in a New Jersey suburb ten months ago paid one thousand dollars for a bull-calf six weeks old. He was a nice little beast, sired by Duke of Darlington, whose dam, Erotus, won the distinction of making 778 pounds of butter in eleven months and six days in 1879–80; and he had solid color, a fine yellow skin, a first-class escutcheon, and full black points—black tongue, black muzzle, and black switch. To-day the handsome and spirited brute is worth four thousand dollars, to say nothing of the pleasure his owners have had in watching his rise and progress.

—"If you want to see something picturesque," said a painter to a friend the other day, "come to my studio, and look at an aged darky dressed in a pair of old blue army trousers with a patch of red flannel on the seat. The color scheme is superb."

—"Were I an artist," remarked a man of letters to a painter, "I should never read a line of criticism on my pictures, and should pitch anybody out of my studio who repeated anything of the kind he had seen. I should ask some of my most capable professional friends for their candid criticism when I was finishing a painting, and then should follow out my own bent. The brutality and contradictions of most of the current printed art criticisms irritate and discourage artists without helping them."

—A Western newspaper, discussing the drama of *Romeo and Juliet*, observes, very judiciously, that though "Juliet is much exalted by the critics as a display of young love, she is not commendable as an example to girls' seminaries."

—Mr. James Cotter Morrison has been reading a paper before the Browning Society, of London, on "Browning's Poems on God and Immortality as bearing on Life Here." Though Browning has been called a preacher, he is, says Mr. Morrison, a singer more than a preacher or teacher. The God of Browning's poetry may be regarded as, on the whole, of a very lofty type. This poet exalts God infinitely above the best and noblest of men; whereas, in popular speech, God is too often degraded below them. And as for the doctrine of immortality, this is what we find: there needs another life to remedy and atone for the evils and miseries of this. If there be not another, this deserves to be hurled back with scorn as "a poor cheat, a wretched failure."

—The Astor Library, under Mr. Little's superintendency, is running very smoothly. Courtesy and competency characterize the assistants who fill orders for books, while the alcoves reserved for scholars in pursuit of special information are as quiet and inviting as the contents of their well-stocked shelves. During the last four years no damage has been done to a book by an alcove reader, and no book has disappeared.

—Whatever may be said of Carlyle's treatment of his wife, the philosopher was affectionate enough toward Ralph Waldo Emerson. "It is indubitable," he wrote to the latter, "I love you very well, and have long done and mean to do. Deep as is my dissent from your Gymnosophist view of heaven and earth, I find an agreement that swallows up all conceivable dissents. In the whole world I hardly get, to my spoken human word, any other word of response which is authentically human."

—In the diary of Richard Cocks, an English merchant in Japan in the year 1615, we read how that country impressed a son of Britain two hundred and fifty years ago, especially how the pagodas (which he calls "pagods") took his fancy. He "found howses scattered heare and there in pleasant valles betwixt divers mountains wherin are divers pagods very sumptuouse," and he "did never see such pleasant walkes among pyne and spruce trees as there are about these pagods."

—Referring to Mr. H. M. Stanley's peaceful occupation, by permission and purchase, of a tract of African soil, a correspondent notes that one of the ideas most firmly fixed in the African brain—the brain of the settled Africans of the interior of the continent, who are not savages—is the non-alienability of the soil. Africans freely allow the stranger to locate among them, to work land, and to build as he pleases. But they hold the grant to be a personal concession, and when the grantee dies his successor is expected to pay succession duties—in other words, to repurchase.

—A Frenchman has written a book describing the various proposals of marriage made to Queen Elizabeth, and the environment of them. He quotes from a French ambassador of her day who wrote: "The said lady [Elizabeth] thinks it expedient always to have some one on the hook. She is convinced that all the princes of Christendom who are in a position to marry are aspiring for her hand, and that the slightest suggestion is enough to bring them incontinently to her feet."

—Mr. W. H. Gibson's *Highways and Byways: or, Saunterings in New England*, published by the Harpers, is reviewed *con amore* by the *Athenæum*: "The letterpress of this handsomely printed volume shows an uncomfortable degree of willful liveliness, much intelligence, and keen observation of nature in landscape and animal life. Every one who has admired—and very few have failed in that respect—the so-called new 'American' mode of engraving on wood, which is practically mezzotinting, should possess himself of the book, for the sake of the soft and delicate cuts which enrich its pages with the charm of finish, breadth, and beautiful draughtsmanship......The book is a superb example of its kind, a treasury of modern labor, skill, and graceful taste, far superior to its forerunner, *Pastoral Days*, by the same author and publishers."

—It rained hard at Urbino on the 28th of March, the fourth centenary of Raphael, and the artists who had assembled from Paris, Vienna, Copenhagen, and the principal Italian cities to honor the memory of their great predecessor were compelled to defer until the next day their visit to his house. In the Ducal Palace a great crowd assembled, and listened to speeches. Upon some modern painters—Meissonier, Zamacois, Fortuny, and their followers, for example—Raphael's influence is or was almost nothing.

—The story of the sufferings undergone at Warsaw by Mr. Seymour's daughter and the other girls who accompanied her will, says an English journalist, cause young women to be very cautious in accepting proposals for theatrical engagements on the Continent. There was here no conspiracy to intrap young girls for wrongful purposes. The London agent of the Berlin manager appears to have been a respectable man, anxious to do his best both for engager and engaged. Melancholy experience testifies that where such proposals prove to be of a totally different character from that which they were represented, it is very difficult for a girl, when once she has left her native country, to extricate herself from the web which has been woven around her.

—M. Picard, who bought the ruins of the Palace of the Tuileries for $6400, is not likely to make anything out of the contract. He has been digging up and removing the débris ever since the 1st of January, and must finish the job by the 1st of August. It is not yet decided what shall be done with the site of the old palace.

—"With all his merit and distinction as a novelist, Mr. Howells generally presents us," remarks a London reviewer, "with heroes and heroines whom we detest:

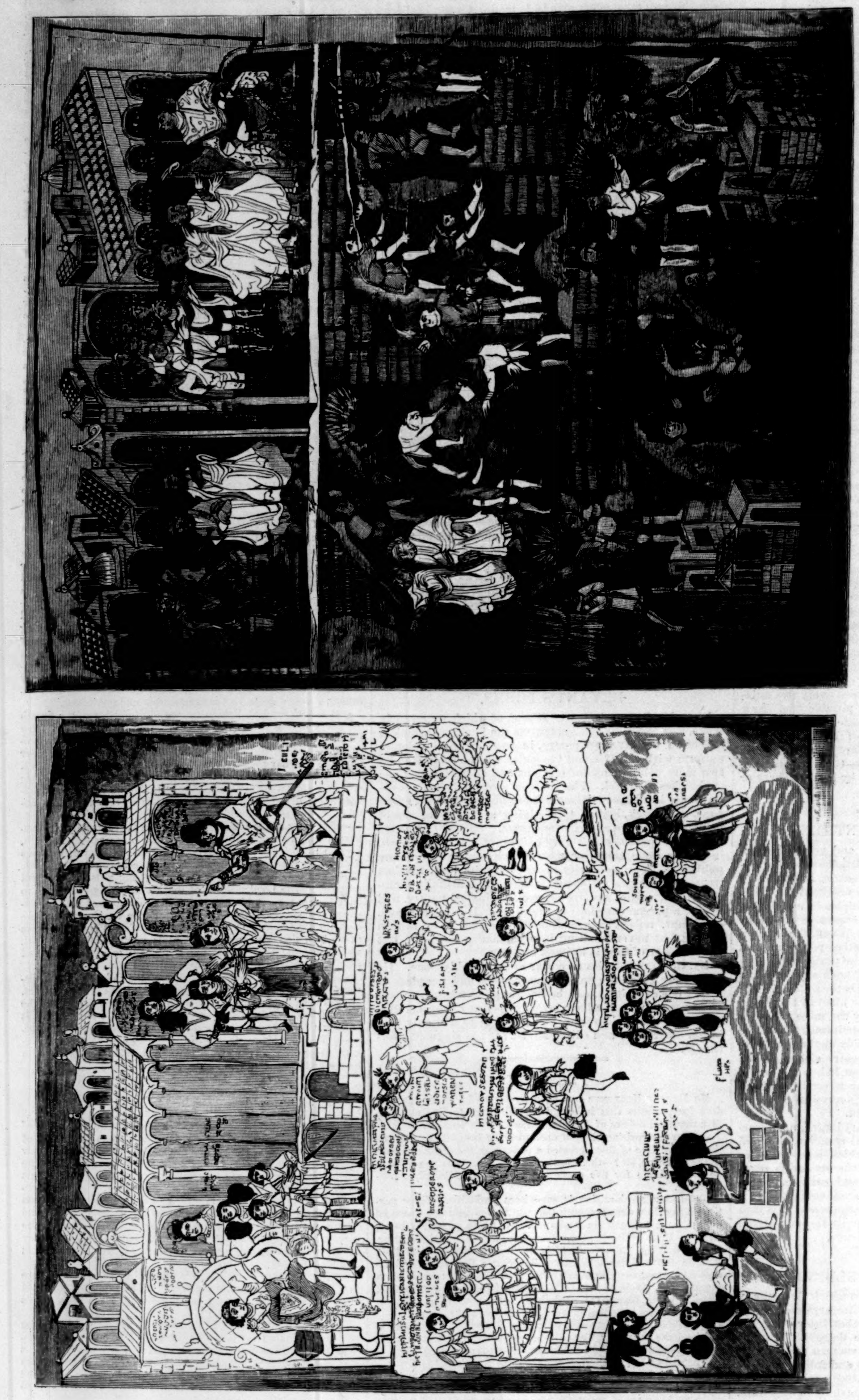
"'Each casual stone on which she trod
Did not appear a pearl—
Nay, it is not a little odd
How I dislike that girl.'"

—A late reviewer suggests that the familiar nursery story of Old Mother Hubbard and her dog is derived from the legend of St. Hubert, the patron saint of dogs. The derivation commonly accepted for the surname Hubbard is that it is from Hubert. The title "Mother" may have been given in a contemptuous sense, just as we style a certain kind of man an "old woman." Mother Hubbard is a good old soul, but in all her canine anxieties and efforts quite futile. Her dog is none the better for her patronage. And so possibly in her person the saint himself may be derided, the current version of "Old Mother Hubbard" being a sort of parody of the old saint legend, composed when the belief in the saints and their powers was dying out.

—King Humbert of Italy, who is troubled by shyness, said once to a friend: "To me one of the most terrible things in the world is to have to meet strangers; and just see, my lot in life compels me to do so constantly!"

—Mr. Herbert Spencer, while trying to set one of his critics straight, lays down the following doctrine: "Though it is impossible for correction to overtake error on all the roads it takes, it may overtake it on a few of its roads, and it seems in some cases needful to point out the error, lest silence should be construed into assent. Especially it seems needful when the error is a grave one, and repetition of it seriously mischievous."

—"The intelligent foreigner," observes the *Saturday Review*, "has two types of British female around which he permits his consciousness to play freely. One is that of the 'blonde mees.' She has 'a lovely hide,' as Mr. Du Maurier's German lady says—'a lovely hide,' an exquisite complexion. She is blonde and passionate, but she is shy and difficult of access. Secretly she pines for Alphonse, but when introduced to him, she shrinks from his conquering glances. Her conversation consists of the words, 'Oh yes.' The other foreign conception of an Englishwoman is neatly summed up by the remark of a detective in one of M. Xavier de Montépin's charming romances: 'She is red-haired, has a jowl, long teeth, and enormous feet—she must be an Englishwoman.' The long projecting teeth and the wispy ringlets of the British fair are known to us in all French caricatures. Some of our countrywomen have, let us admit, very long teeth. The possession of this charm somehow goes with advanced liberal opinions and ideas about deceased wife's sister and female suffrage."



PICTURES FROM THE ASHBURNHAM MS. PENTATEUCH.

THE ASHBURNHAM PENTATEUCH.

Among the MSS. of the Ashburnham Collection which have been offered to the Trustees of the British Museum, one of the most ancient, and at the same time most curious, is the famous Pentateuch. This volume, which, however, is very imperfect, forms a large quarto, and was executed in Italy in the seventh century. From internal evidence it appears to have been removed, as early as the beginning of the tenth century, into France, where it passed into possession of the cathedral church of Tours, and remained there till quite a recent date. The text is in Latin of St. Jerome's version, and is accompanied by a series of large illustrative paintings, the greater number of which refer to Bible history, as told in the Books of Genesis and Exodus. Executed in Italy, these paintings give most interesting and valuable details of the architecture, the costumes, and the domestic manners and customs of that country at that early period. They may in composition be reproductions of still earlier paintings; but the artist assuredly followed the usual practice of representing his figures and buildings and other details as he saw them in every-day life around him, and only for the more sacred characters, such as Moses and Aaron, is the traditional costume retained. We give two of the pictures.

The first picture carries us through the story of the first three chapters of Exodus. In the upper portion stand the buildings of the royal city, the front being occupied by the palace of Pharaoh, in the interior of which two scenes are depicted. On the left the king, seated in state on a cushioned throne, gives orders to his servants for the oppression of the children of Israel. Above his head a half-defaced inscription, which, like others in the volume, is rendered still more indistinct by having been written twice, explains that "Hic Farao rex dicit servis suis, Oprimantur filii Israel operibus ut non multiplicentur" ("Here saith Pharaoh unto his servants, Let the children of Israel be afflicted with tasks, that they multiply not"), or, as our version has it, "Let us deal wisely with them, lest they multiply." In front of him his servants, two of whom are black, stand ready to obey his commands: "Hic servi faciunt preceptum regis" ("Here the servants do the king's bidding"). Above them, in the part of the building surmounted by the cupola, is seen the head of the queen, "regina." The group on the right represents the scene between Pharaoh and the midwives. Here the king wears a tall hat, and is girt with his sword. The remains of the inscription above suffice to show that he is upbraiding Shiphrah and Puah for disobedience in saving the male children of the Israelites; and they are excusing themselves, as explained in the words, "Obstetrices dicunt, Non sumus sicut Egiptie mulieres" ("The midwives say, We are not as the Egyptian women"). Behind them are the servants who have brought them before the king: "Hic servi obstetrices perducunt Faraoni" ("Here the servants bring the midwives to Pharaoh").

Now, taking the lower portion of the picture, we see, on the left, the children of Israel at their tasks. Below, they are making bricks, working the clay, carrying it, and kneading it into the form: "Hic filii Israel opprimuntur operibus et faciunt lateres" ("Here the children of Israel are afflicted with tasks and make bricks"). Above, a group is engaged on a walled city. We are told in our version that "they built for Pharaoh treasure cities, Pithom and Raamses," and, with variations in the names, the inscription here announces how "Hic filii Israel edificant civitatem Lampiton et Ramesses ad preceptum Faraonis" ("Here the children of Israel build the city of Lampiton and Ramesses at the bidding of Pharaoh"). The taskmaster, "Hic superoperarios" ("Here the foreman"), stands by, dressed in a very modern-looking garb, consisting of trousers, frock-coat, and tall hat.

The rest of the picture is composed of scenes from the life of Moses. The finding of the child is represented at the foot. On the bank of the river, "flumine," Nile, stands Pharaoh's daughter with her attendant maidens, and orders the little foundling, just rescued from the ark of rushes, to be cared for: "Hic filia Faraonis precipet nutriri sibi Moysen" ("Here the daughter of Pharaoh ordereth Moses to be nursed for her"). The little sister, "soror Moysis," hands the infant "Moyses" to the mother, "mater Moysis." Above, in the middle of the picture, Moses is seen burying the body of the Egyptian whom he has slain: "Hic Moyses obiit Egyptium in arena quem occidit de calce" ("Here Moses burieth in the sand the Egyptian whom he slew"); and again, above this, the two Israelites are seen fighting and Moses interfering, with inscriptions: "Hic ubi rixant filii Israel, et dicit Moyses, Quare rixatis" ("Here is where children of Israel strive together, and Moses saith, Wherefore do ye strive?"), and "Hic Moyses dicit, Quare rixatis" ("Here saith Moses, Wherefore do ye strive?"). The scene is then transferred to the Land of Midian, where the daughters of Jethro, "filiæ Jotor," stand at the well, and their sheep are watered by the fugitive: "Hic Moyses adaquat oves Jotor" ("Here Moses watereth the sheep of Jethro"); while above are seated two of their enemies, the shepherds, "pastores." And lastly, on the right, is the burning bush, with the hand of God issuing from it: "Hic vocat eum Dominus de rubo dicens, Moyses, Moyses" ("Here the Lord calleth unto him out of the bush, saying, Moses, Moses"); and in front of it is Moses, who has laid aside his shoes, and is covering his face with his hands: "Hic Moyses abscondet faciem suam" ("Here Moses hideth his face").

The second picture contains fewer subjects. In the upper portion, on the left, Moses and Aaron appear before Pharaoh; on the right, they again stand in the presence, accompanied by the officers of the children of Israel, whose complaint is contained in the inscription above them: "Filii Israel clamant ad Faraonem, Quare sic agis cum servis tuis" ("The children of Israel cry unto Pharaoh, Wherefore dealest thou thus with thy servants?"). Below are the Israelites making bricks, bringing in stubble, the substitute for straw, and directed and beaten by their task-masters. The cities of Pithom and Raamses occupy the two lower corners. On the left, Moses and Aaron appeal to the Almighty, whose presence is indicated by a hand issuing from a cloud: "Moyses et Aaron dicunt Domino, Quare non liberas populum tuum" ("Moses and Aaron say unto the Lord, Wherefore deliverest thou not thy people?").

MARKET-DAY IN A SOUTHERN CITY.

In the "Black Belt" of Florida, where the colored voters outnumber the white three to one, and which includes the town of Tallahassee, every Saturday is a market-day and a holiday for the plantation negroes, who flock to town to spend money if they have it, or, if they have none, to sell a little cotton, a little wood, or a little truck, and thus obtain some, which will most certainly be expended before they turn their faces homeward. And the prices that they pay for the few third or fourth rate articles of necessity or luxury that find their way into the homeward-bound wagons! One hundred per cent. of profit is moderate, and satisfies but few of the merchants, who depend for their business almost entirely upon the black and the poor white trade.

But, overreached or not, the Tallahassee negro rarely allows business trifles to interfere with his full and hearty enjoyment of a Saturday market-day. On that day the scene presented in Tallahassee streets is indeed animated and full of interest. From early morning until high noon the darkies pour into the town over its several avenues of approach—the Augustine road, the Miccosukee road, the Meridian road, the Wakulla road, the Thomasville road, and several other roads, whose names denote their termini. Some walk, but the majority ride on horseback, mule-back, and even ox-back, and in wheeled vehicles which for novelty and ingenuity of construction would shame the cart of a Yankee peddler. Relics of the faded glory of the past in the shape of ancient buggies or chaises only held together by innumerable bits of rope, with frayed ends giving a peculiarly rag-tag look to the structure, and drawn by wheezing, spavined animals whose ears proclaimed them to be mules, mingle with evidences of the rude poverty of the present, represented by carts with bodies and shafts roughly hewn from virgin timber and mounted on wheels which as often as not are mismated. Most of these are drawn by single oxen, attached to the shafts by crude rope harness, and sometimes even by cows. Where beasts of burden and draught are in such demand that half-grown steers and heifers must be pressed into service, it seems strange that the hogs—great, strapping fellows, tough, lean, and wiry, that roam the streets at will—should escape, and I have no doubt that it is only because they present no available points to "hitch to."

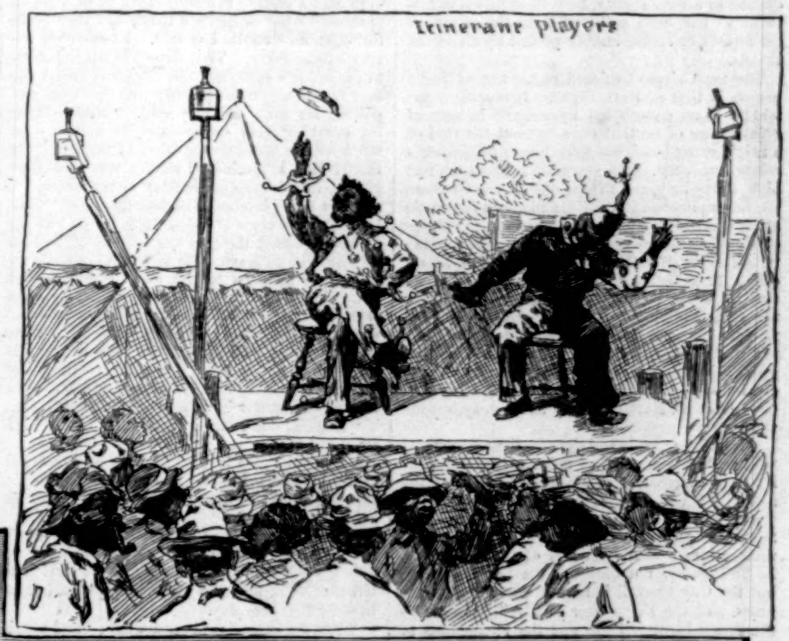
Amid the motley throngs flocking to the town the old slaves are distinguished by the respectful manner with which they touch their hats to the white men whom they meet, while those of the present generation pass by with an independence of carriage that almost amounts to rudeness. Among the lines of vehicles may be seen every now and then a fairly good pair of mules attached to a substantial wagon laden with the family of some comparatively well-to-do negro farmer. The young women, buxom, smiling, brave in gaudy finery, and often beguiling the tedium of the way with the music of a harmonica, or mouth-organ, which is most popular with the negroes, occupy hide-bottomed chairs, and exchange good-natured banter with the occupants of other carts. Over the sides of the wagon peer the comical faces of the piccaninnies, and on bunches of corn-stalk fodder in the corners sit the old aunties smoking pipes and wearing gay bandana turbans.

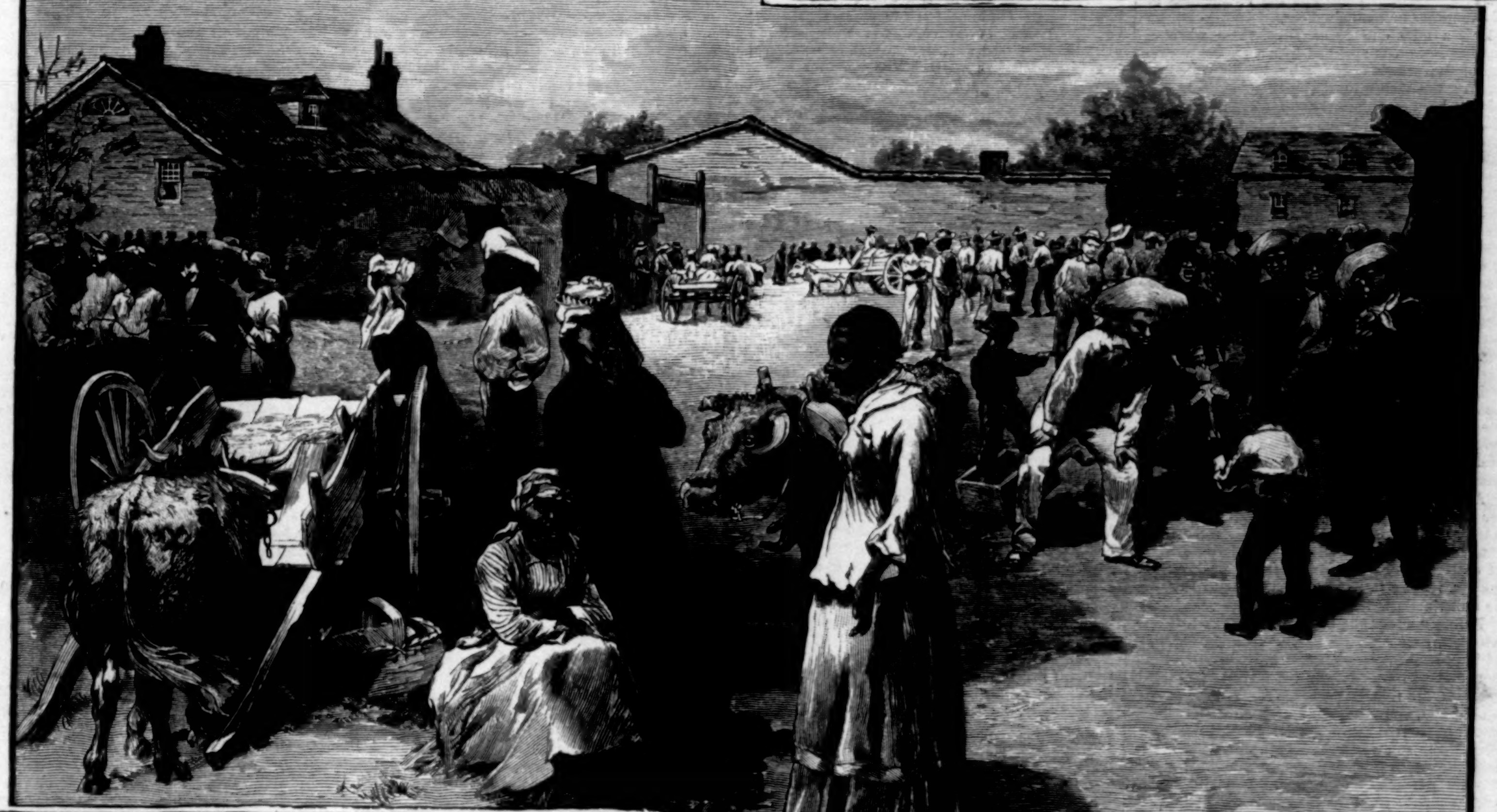
When the main street of the city is reached the wagon and team are left, generally at the side of the street, but very often in its middle, to take care of themselves, and the family scatters, the men going to the cotton market or the bar-rooms, and the women and children to the stores. Here they handle and price every article within reach, and cause much vexation of spirit to the white clerks who are forced to wait upon them and answer their innumerable questions. Meantime the throngs in the streets increase until the sidewalks and stores are packed with a mass of black humanity, independent, conscious of their own importance, noisy, good-natured, argumentative, but rarely aggressive or quarrelsome, and forming by their numbers such a formidable barrier to progress that the few whites whose business calls them into the town generally prefer to walk in the middle of the street rather than attempt to force a passage along the sidewalks. Imperative indeed must be the call that induces a Tallahassee lady to venture upon the business streets of the city on a market-day, and her appearance in one of the stores at such a time would be a matter for surprise and speculation.

The shopping of the negroes, and particularly of the colored women, is peculiar. No purchase is concluded until the entire stock of similar articles has been examined, not only by the would-be purchaser, but by a group of interested friends, who tender much advice and indulge freely in comment. When finally bought, the article is unwrapped a dozen times to be shown to as many friends on the street, and each of these passes judgment upon its texture, price, and other qualities, until, reduced to a state of despair, nine times out of ten, the purchaser returns to the store and makes a vain effort to have it exchanged for something else.

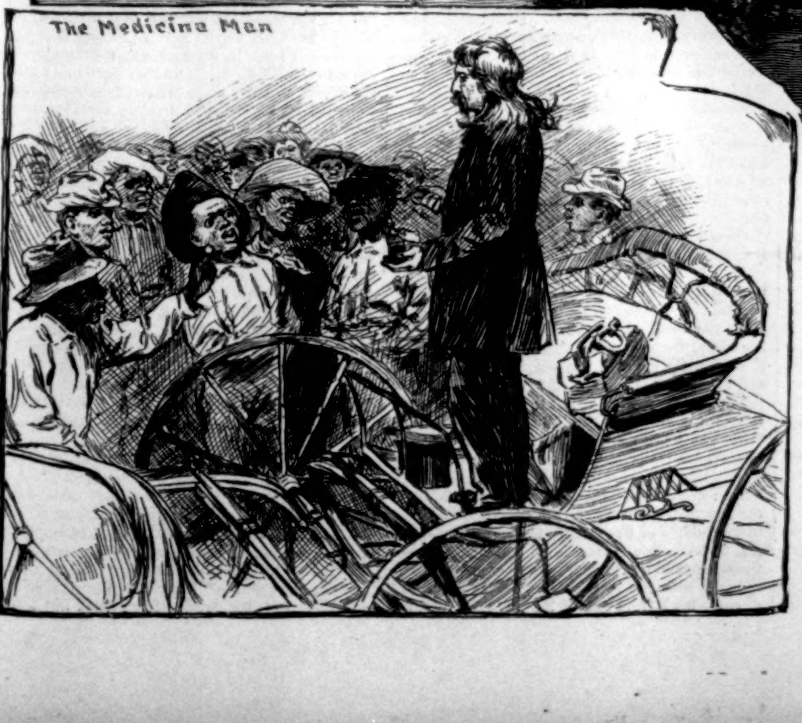
Disappointments of this kind are, however, quickly forgotten amid the various attractions and divertisements of the street. Most of these are so simple that one is astonished that they can attract the attention of even a plantation negro. A group of grown men and women will gather about a child with a jumping-jack, and laugh immoderately at the movements of the toy as long as the child continues to pull the animating string; then it is passed from one to another, and regarded as a most cunning device and triumph of mechanical skill. The vender of a patent medicine drives his gaudily decorated wagon through the streets, and, stopping at a corner, sings a negro melody. Before he has finished, many voices have joined in the refrain, and an audience of several hundred is patiently waiting to hear what may follow. For a few minutes he entertains them with jokes so stale that they have long since been discarded by the most insignificant of circus clowns, but at which they guffaw and slap each other on the back as though they were the wittiest sayings in the world. Then he sells medicine, performing miraculous cures on the spot, ventilating the while an entire vocabulary of medical terms, cracking jokes, and every now and then stopping to sing a song, but all the while selling his bottles of trash, and reaping a rich harvest from credulous ignorance. The curb-stone dealers in toys, candy, cheap perfumes, and the like do a flourishing business on these Saturday market-days, and their methods of attracting custom are so similar to those of the medicine man that the air resounds for hours with the voices of these itinerant tradesmen.

At noon there is a lull in business, except such as is done by the restaurants, and for an hour the town resembles a great picnic


Itinerant Players



THE MARKET-PLACE.


The Medicine Man

ground. Everybody eats; but where and how they eat are matters of little consequence so long as the simple fact remains. They climb into carts, sit on the edge of sidewalks, gather under the shade trees, or loaf at the corners of buildings—standing, sitting, squatting, or lying down—but all eating what they have brought from home with them, or what they have procured from the restaurants established for their especial benefit. These restaurants are comical affairs, most of them being the rudest of tables, built of slabs or packing boxes under live-oak shade trees. Near by burn the fires over which fish is fried and coffee boiled, and the guests eat or drink while standing or wandering about in the immediate vicinity. Occasionally one more pretentious than the rest is opened in a rude shanty, built of such waste material as has been gathered from the wreck of old houses, or refuse lumber picked up about the streets.

The most elegant colored restaurant of Tallahassee is that of **Paul Scott**. It stands in the middle of an unoccupied square, and is built of great sheets of tin that once covered the roof of a neighboring hotel, but were blown off during a recent hurricane. The structure is about ten feet high, thirty long, and fifteen wide. The windows are holes punched in the tin, and above the whole affair is a board, supported by two upright pieces of scantling, on which is painted in rude letters: "Paul Scott His Eating House. Meals at all ours. Fish, Coffee." In the eyes of **Paul Scott** and his colored patrons fish and coffee occupy the same prominent position upon the bill of fare that ice-cream and oysters assume in more pretentious establishments. To these inland negroes fish is one of the luxuries that can only be obtained by coming to town, where it is received daily from St. Mark's, twenty miles away, on the Gulf.

After dinner, trade and sight-seeing are resumed with a notable increase of noise, and much hilarity in the exchange of the compliments of the season. Order is, however, well maintained by the police, who, as is the case in many other Southern cities, are colored, and severely strict in their dealings with offenders of their own hue. In Tallahassee not only are the police colored, but the City Council is largely composed of negroes, and the Postmaster is black, as are also the Street Commissioner and the incumbents of all the minor municipal offices.

Half a mile outside of Tallahassee, where a running stream is spanned by a rude bridge, on one of the principal roads leading in from the country, the picturesque groupings of form and color to be seen on a market-day are the delight of artistic eyes. It is here that the female field hands stop on their way to town to complete their toilets. Strapping wenches who have guided a plough or hoed cotton all the week, barefooted and bare-legged, with their dresses gathered about their waists by an encircling cord until the hems reach only to their shapely ankles, and who have tramped to town over miles of the red-clay roads in the same guise, find here a place to rest, restore their dresses to their proper length, and don the shoes that they have thus far carefully carried. The old aunties stop here to replace soiled turbans with others fresh, clean, and vivid in coloring. The younger girls, straight and lithe, bearing upon their heads baskets of eggs or other articles with the grace and skill of Eastern water-carriers, set down their burdens, and often, with the clear water as a mirror, pin to their dress bright bits of ribbon, or display various trifling ornaments and trinkets reserved for festive occasions.

Although the negro, his mule, and his old master are gradually fading away together from this warm, indolent Tallahassee country, and with a change of people there is also coming a change of custom, the Saturday market-day will long remain a feature in the life of what must always be a distinctly agricultural community.

Before many years, however, much of its present picturesqueness will have vanished. The tide of improvement is setting steadily in this direction, and will sweep away the quaint restaurant shanties, the rickety rope-bound carts, the sleepy mules, and, above all, the lazy, almost worthless, but light-hearted negro, perfectly happy while sitting in the sun and twanging a Jew's-harp, and regarding with profound respect a market-day or any other holiday that furnishes him with a valid excuse for idleness.

Kirk Munroe.

A HOUSE-HUNTER'S REPRIEVE.

"Yes," said mamma, "you'd better tell the doctor, Betty, that we have concluded not to take his house for another year. It is a great blow to me, Betty. My pecuniary arrangements with the doctor have been very advantageous, and strict economy in domestic matters is highly important with us just now. The little money we had when your papa died is sadly diminished: Fred's education has cost so much, and it is so expensive to dress and educate Blanche suitably to her style and beauty. I had hoped—I was almost certain—"

Here mamma began to cry. I felt very sorry for her. She suffered in her way as much as she made me suffer in mine.

"We'll get another house, mamma," I said, hoping to ward off the topic that I knew mamma was dying to talk about; but nothing would do.

"It's not the house I'm dissatisfied with," said my poor mother; "it's Dr. Steele, the owner of it, of whom I have cause to complain."

"I think you have misunderstood the doctor's old-fashioned politeness, mamma. It is always, perhaps, too pointed."

"Altogether too pointed, so far as your sister is concerned," said mamma. "He as much as told me he was in love with her down at the beach last summer. Don't you remember the day he invited us all to go, and was so vexed because you would not leave the house with the new servants that he talked about it all the way down in the train, and appeared to be very sorry that your domestic duties were so engrossing? You must acknowledge, Betty, that he has been very kind to you."

"I do acknowledge it, very gratefully indeed, mamma."

"And then," continued mamma, "he got Fred that situation in the bank. Why, no man could have been more pronounced in his attentions to the family of the young lady he professed to admire, and straws show which way the wind blows; but it would not be so humiliating if he had not come right out and told me that he cared for her. A man has no right—a man in his position—to lead a mother to believe that he is about to propose for her daughter's hand, and then seem to forget all that he has said. I remember his very words, Betty. Your sister had started down to the water's edge, and the doctor sat upon the seat beside me, following her with his eyes and poking his cane into the sand. 'Madam,' said he, speaking very deliberately, as a man does when he has made up his mind, 'I must tell you that I had a motive in asking you and your daughters to share my holiday at the beach. I am very much interested in your daughter.' And here Blanche came strolling back again, looking so lovely that I thought the best thing I could do would be to leave them together. I made an excuse to go back to the hotel, and supposed that when I returned all would be settled, but from that day to this he has never opened the subject again either to Blanche or to me. Your sister is young and thoughtless, and accepts his attentions as she does those of everybody by whom she is admired; but a parent is bound to look at the matter in a more serious light."

"Blanche don't care a fig for him, mamma," I said.

"She would try to care for him if he offered himself," said mamma. "She has owned to me that she might be brought to view the matter in a favorable light."

"Oh, mamma," I said, jumping off my chair in a heat of mortification and impatience, "do let's get out of his house as soon as we can! I'll tell him we're going to move, and go out house-hunting this very day."

"Yes, do, Betty," said my mother; "and watch him when you tell him—see if he is surprised and vexed. And, Betty my child, you have such a plain old-fashioned way, you seem so much older than you really are, and the doctor and you have always been such good friends, he may confide to you—"

"Excuse me, mamma," I said, running to the door. "I'm sure I hear the vegetable man, and I must see about luncheon before I go."

Away I ran down the stairs as fast as I could go, and rapped upon the door of the doctor's study.

He opened the door, and already had his hat in his hand and his overcoat on his arm. He put both of them aside, and with gentle cordiality bade me come over to the open fire.

"For the air is chill, Miss Betty," he said, "though we are getting on toward April. I believe—"

"Yes," I said, and rushed immediately into the subject in hand. "I will not detain you, doctor. I must tell you that mamma has concluded to move. I am going out house-hunting to-day."

Mamma ought to have been there, for if ever surprise amounting to consternation was depicted anywhere, it was painted on the doctor's face at that moment.

"House-hunting!" he cried. "What the—the deuce would you do such an insane thing as that for? Move! What does your mother want now? Papering? painting? kalsomining? a hanging garden on the roof? a calcium-light in the hall? a steam calliope in the parlor? Tell me what she wants, and if it's possible to accomplish it without the aid of Aladdin's lamp it shall be done."

How could I say that she wanted him to marry my sister Blanche? It made me burn from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet to remember the conversation between mamma and me.

"You are very generous, doctor," I said, "but my mother wants to move. Don't you know that women are changeable sometimes, and get tired of the one place?"

"And the one party?" he rejoined—"the one old fossil who began to hope he might settle down to certain surroundings and be happy? Are you one of those women, Miss Betty? Do you want to leave your landlord?"

I knew that it was nothing but a generous pity for my condition of mind and body that made him look upon me with such sweet compassion. He threw his gloves aside, and took both my hands in his own. That was his unfortunate manner, his all too friendly way, so easily misunderstood, as I tried to persuade my mother. If it had been my beautiful sister instead of my plain little self, it might have been thought that the consummation to mamma's ambition was about to be reached.

"You look already so tired!" he said. "Sit down here in this easy-chair, and tell me what I can do to save you from the awful fate of a house-hunter. Did you ever hear of Mynheer Von Ghlan, who every morning said, 'I am the richest merchant in Rotterdam'? He came to grief, my dear little woman, from too much walking. Haven't you cares enough upon your poor little shoulders? If your mother will move, why don't she go herself upon this hunt that she desires?"

"My mother is never quite well," I said.

"And your sister?" he said.

"That would never do," I replied, quickly; "she is too—" and here I hesitated.

"Too beautiful," he said, with a wry grimace.

"Yes," I exclaimed, resolving to make one little struggle in mamma's behalf. "Don't you think that my sister is beautiful, Dr. Steele?"

"Yes," he said, with all the vehemence that could be required of him; "too beautiful altogether. I wish she was as ugly as a stone fence."

A red flame leaped into his dark cheek. He was certainly agitated by some unwonted emotion. I thought perhaps he loved her, but distrusted his fate because of her beauty and her youth. Who could tell? The moment passed while I hesitated, not knowing just what to say in mamma's behalf. If I only could have gained courage to ask him what was the motive that he spoke of to mamma upon that day at the beach; but how could I? It was impossible. I got upon my feet. He picked up his gloves and followed me out into the hall.

"You must persuade your mother to abandon this idea of moving," he said, gently.

"Oh, please, no!" I exclaimed. "I can not, doctor. We must go."

"I can not force you to stay," he said, coldly; then turned to his man John, who watched his horse outside. "Go get a bill," he said, "and put it upon the house."

"To let?" said John, with curious surprise.

"Yes," said the doctor. "No—for sale. I'll sell everything out," he added, "and go to the de—desert of Sahara." Then he leaped into his buggy and drove away, leaving me to ponder over the wretched frustrations of this miserable world.

Dr. Steele had lived twenty years at least in this dear old house, for he had often said that he came there when a boy of fifteen, and he could not be far from fifty now. He was the only child of a widowed mother who had idolized him. When she had died, two years before, the doctor had put an advertisement in the paper that, I well remember, seemed very attractive to mamma. Our arrangements with him were indeed very satisfactory. He was generous to a fault, simple in his tastes, punctual in his habits. From a boarder he had become a friend, almost a benefactor. Had it not been for the beauty of Blanche, or the ambition of my mother, or the extreme warmth of the doctor's politeness, or perhaps a tenderer sentiment of his that he scarcely dared nourish for so young and beautiful a creature as Blanche—had it not been for one or all of these, we might have lived happily here for years. Now we must go adrift again, Heaven knew where and how. I went out that very afternoon upon my dreary quest, and grew sick at heart when I saw the signal of misery and disintegration hanging at the doorway: "For sale. Inquire within." I read it, and acknowledged to myself then that the deed was done. We were houseless, homeless wanderers again upon the face of the earth. I wished Blanche were not so very beautiful; perhaps it would have been better, as the doctor had said, if she had been as ugly as a stone fence, whatever style of ugliness that might be. For, wherever we went, my mother would begin again plotting, manœuvring, hoping, fearing, despairing. I went to all the agents in the neighborhood. I looked at impossible houses—houses like the doctor's, but with rents that reached to the thousands. I found to my blushing horror that we had absolutely been living partly upon the doctor's bounty—the rent we had paid for his house was ridiculously small. A mere farcical sum, which he must have known long ago. He could not have been unconscious of his reckless generosity, and the advantages we were reaping from it. My cheeks tingled with every new knowledge I gained, but my chief sorrow lay in the fact that we could no longer go on living in the old blissfully ignorant way. The doctor could afford it, seemed rather to enjoy it, and I had no longer that indomitable spirit that chafes under even a suspected obligation. If that spirit had ever existed, it had long ago oozed out of my weary toes, and every aching joint in my body.

But it was useless to mourn over lost happiness. The only thing to do now was to get a house within our means and live in it. I resolved to spare my people all the misery that I could, and let them enjoy their last days at the dear, comfortable, roomy, sunshiny, never-to-be-forgotten house of the doctor's. It was necessary to prepare them a little for the plunge downward they were to take. Mamma was the only one that suffered in the anticipation. Fred was at that happy period of a male existence when the "malious mischief" of a boy begins to merge in the "rackets" of adolescent youth. He was absorbed in the transition—didn't care what kind of a shelter I secured, so long as it would serve the necessity for sufficient sleep to tide him over from day to day.

Blanche was still less interested. She laughed to scorn all my efforts to prepare her pride, and begged of me not to borrow trouble. Once in a while she bade me to remember that she was not an absolute drone in the hive, and had her own schemes for our mutual advancement. I shuddered when the conversation took this turn, for she was more beautiful than ever, and consequently there were more matrimonial rocks ahead.

Poor mamma began to look gray and old, and took double doses of her nervous medicine. Her constant recurrence to that day at the sea-shore made the bleak winds of March seem to be beating about my ears like pitiless waves against a ship in the trough of the sea, and her haggard and anxious surveillance of every movement of the doctor's drove me at last to securing a house. It was a coffin-shaped building that savored of sewer gas a little, and of mould and mildew very much more; the paper was hanging from the walls; the ceilings were cracked and dangerously bulgy; cobwebs fantastically festooned it from the draughty garret to the gloomy kitchens down in the bowels of the earth. It was unhandy, dismal to desolation, on the damp and shady side of the street, and had the uncanny reputation of lately being occupied by a clairvoyant who had never come back from one of his trances. But the agent spoke vaguely of repairs, and it was absolutely the only house in the whole metropolis that seemed available to our family.

There was a final humiliation to suffer—security was demanded for the rent. There was nobody to ask it from but the doctor. I began to think he might be so glad to get rid of us that this would seem a trifling favor. For the doctor, after the first shock, had appeared to be quite resigned to the idea of our separation. His house yet hung upon his hands; it was neither let nor sold; but the doctor went upon the even tenor of his way, apparently undisturbed by the rise or fall of real estate.

March happened to be going out as a lion on the day that I secured the house. The heavens opened, the rain fell, and beat upon my defenseless head, that had ached and ached for many a day. I had almost lived in the streets for the previous fortnight, and ought to have grown accustomed to my nomadic miseries. But they seemed to culminate in my final success, and when the agent handed me over a document which he said would secure me the house if properly signed, a cold shudder went to the marrow of my bones, and I felt as if it was my death-warrant. I staggered home, resolved to have done with the whole torture that day, and found a moneyed-looking person on the door-step anxious to negotiate with the doctor about his property. This was the last turn to the thumb-screw, but I hastened to the doctor's study and asked him his price.

"A hundred thousand dollars, cash down!" shouted the doctor, without even turning his head.

I thought I had misunderstood him. I was so faint and weary that every voice I heard went humming in my ears like a spent bell.

"I beg your pardon, doctor," I faltered: "what did you say?"

He turned and looked at me, got upon his feet, and reached me just as it seemed to me I could no longer stand. He carried me to an easy-chair, undid my bonnet strings, dropped some liquid in a little glass, and pushing back my head, poured it down my throat.

The bell rang loudly. The party at the door had waited all this time to know the price of the house.

"Tell him I've changed my mind," said the doctor. "Take the bill down, John, and tell Miss Betty's mother to step down here at once."

"Your daughter is very ill," he said, as poor mamma came into the study. "She must be put to bed immediately. I will carry her up the stairs."

My poor mother, who could never restrain herself, burst into a passion of tears and reproaches.

"It is all your fault," she cried to the doctor. "If you had not trifled so with Blanche, and actually told me that day at the beach that you cared for my daughter, and had a motive in inviting us to go there, and then thrown her over in such a humiliating way, things would never have come to this pass."

But the doctor had already picked me up in his arms and started for the stairway, my poor mother stumbling after him.

"I did care for your daughter, madam," said the doctor, in a clear ringing voice that might have been heard upon the house-top, "and will care for her to my dying day, and my motive has always been to make her care for me; but it is your daughter Betty that I love, you blind and foolish woman, and not your beautiful Blanche."

I felt his rough beard graze my chin, his lips touch mine, in the twilight of the upper hall, and then I sank away into paradise. When I came back to the world again I was lying in my mother's bed in the second-story back room of the dear old house of the doctor's. I must have lingered a long time in that queer and shadowy land to which I had drifted on that last wonderful day of my dreary house-hunting. A soft balmy air floated in at the top of the window that looked over the old-fashioned garden; the thick knobby old lilac-tree must have been bursting into bloom, for the faint sweet fragrance reached me where I lay; the tulip bed must have been one blaze of color. My mother sat in a low chair by my bedside with her prayer-book in her hand. But she looked younger by ten years than when I had seen her last. Poor dear woman! she was reconciled to my struggle with life and death, so long as more important matters had been doubtless comfortably settled. But she was overjoyed to find that I was there again. Poor mamma had always depended so upon me, and loved me well in her own way Now it seemed that she almost loved me in another way too, as she did her beautiful Blanche. Amid her tears and smiles she began to twist some wisps of hair upon my forehead into curls, and arrange the blue bows that decorated my night robe.

"Thank God," she said, "for *all* his mercies! My dear, dear child, compose yourself. Betty, before the doctor comes—he has forbidden any excitement, any confusion—but, my darling, you must know—it is necessary, it is right, that you should know, and perhaps it will do you good; it ought to, I'm sure: it has sustained me through all these weary weeks—Betty, my love, my darling, wonderful as it may seem, it was *you* that the doctor admired, it was you that the doctor spoke about at the beach, and his motive was perfectly honorable and creditable. I'm sure if I'd only known it all this trouble might have been saved. But it's recognized now by everybody. He openly acknowledged it the day that you fell ill, and I must say he has acted up to it ever since."

"Who are you talking to, mamma?" said a voice at the door. "Has Betty come to?"

And in ran my beautiful sister. She hated tears, but they fell from her magnificent eyes upon my sunken cheeks and wasted hands; they fell in torrents; and although she was always so careful of her clothes, she flung herself by my bedside, rumpling all the pretty breadths of her marvellous spring outfit. She looked like a gem in porcelain. She was a hundred times more beautiful than ever. No wonder my mother was so astonished. It seemed a miracle that the doctor had not a motive about Blanche. And my beautiful sister also loved me in her own way. She had determined to save me from what she considered an immolation.

"You mustn't talk, Betty," she said, "and we mustn't talk to you any more than we can possibly help. You've been very ill, dear, and we've been wild about you. The doctor has gone about like a ghost, and we've followed him around like phantoms. I must say I think a great deal of the doctor; he's a very nice, splendid man in a great many ways. But you needn't marry him, Betty, when you get well, unless you want to. I know how queer you are about these things—how you'd hate to marry him if you didn't just worship the ground he walked on; and yet you'd feel badly about the rest of us. And I want to tell you as quick as I can, before he comes in, that you needn't think of anybody but yourself any more. You've worn yourself out for us about long enough. I'm engaged to Fitz-Edward Smythe, and only waiting for you to get well to marry him."

"Oh, Blanche!" I gasped; for the young man was little better than a poodle-dog.

"I'm fond of him, Betty; I am indeed!" she exclaimed; and she really looked as if she meant what she said. "I actually love him. He'll do anything in the world I tell him to do, and we shall have a most elegant time together, because his money is all his own, and I can help him take care of it, and show him how to really enjoy it in a proper way. There will be money enough for us all. You and mamma and Fred are to live with me, and it's all arranged between Fitz-Edward and myself that my family is to be held in the greatest consideration. I'd have been buried alive with your doctor, and any one that marries him will be worse than a door-mat.—Oh, goodness gracious me!"

For the doctor walked softly in, with a big bunch of roses in his hand. Blanche slipped out the door, my mother noiselessly followed her, and I was left alone with my benefactor.

The roses fell out of his hand. He scanned me at first with the eye of a physician. He felt my pulse, my forehead, my hands, my feet; he watched me for fully ten minutes, his face softening the while from the Æsculapian rigidity to an ineffable tenderness.

At last he took a long breath, and seating himself in my mother's chair, he pushed back his hair from his forehead. I could see how gray it had grown. I could see the lines in his face. I held out both my hands to him.

"You would have been very sorry," I whispered, "if I had not come back to you?"

The strong hands trembled that closed about my own. He put his head down upon the pillow beside me. "Betty," he said, "I think I should have gone and got some dynamite and blown the whole property and its owner into fragments."

His eyes still devoured my face. I sighed uneasily, and pulled the blue bow off my night robe and began to smooth back the hair that my foolish mother had tried to curl.

"I wish I had ever been the least bit in the world pretty," I said.

The doctor picked up one of his roses that lay scattered about the counterpane, and putting it upon my breast, he said, in his old tender way,

"'Go, lovely rose,
Tell her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.'"

Mrs. Frank McCarthy.

THE CINCINNATI DRAMATIC FESTIVAL.

Being the first dramatic festival ever instituted on so large a scale in this country, the Cincinnati Dramatic Festival, which began on the 30th of April, is directing to the Queen City of the West the eyes of every other city of the United States. Not the cities only, but the towns and villages, are interested in its progress, of each step of which the Associated Press dispatches keep them well informed, while the rosy dawn of a general dramatic revival that seems about to visit this country lends to the enterprise its smile. Comparatively few persons are aware of the costliness and beauty of the opera-houses or theatres recently erected in many towns that make no pretensions to the honor of being metropolises—towns, for example, like Northampton, Massachusetts, long famous for its natural charms—and amateur entertainments similar to those organized in New York by the ladies of the Bartholdi Dramatic Committee are sure to be successful. Ever since the early days of *Pinafore*, when church choirs transformed themselves into private or public theatrical companies to act Mr. Gilbert's play and sing Mr. Sullivan's music, recalling the times of the sixteenth century, when the choristers of St. Paul's, in robes of silk and satin, appeared in secular dramas in Queen Elizabeth's chapel and in various royal houses, with such intelligence as to become one of the most popular troupes of actors in London, the signs of this approaching dramatic era have been obvious enough, and the Cincinnati Festival will doubtless accelerate its coming as much as it has gained an impetus from it in advance.

For, the spirit with which our Ohioan brothers are laying the foundations of this artistic enterprise is resolute and pervasive. Everybody who has a hand in it, no matter how humble, is transfigured by his environment. Even the man employed to provide the calcium lights is called by the local newspapers an "artist"; and "as a preliminary to the display to be inaugurated the coming week," an old Cincinnati actor is announced to deliver in the Grand Opera-house a lecture on "The Drama, and its Influence." Nor is this the only preliminary. A Cincinnati publishing house has issued a cheap popular edition of the six plays to be acted, with critical introductions, marginal notes, and glossaries to each play, the whole edited with judicious intelligence; and a leading Cincinnati newspaper is printing a series of "Shakspeare Studies," in which those dramas of the mighty playwright that are to be put on the Festival stage receive learned and thoughtful attention. One of the latest of these disquisitions is an elaborate defense of the personal character of Hamlet's mother from the attacks made by "the fury of her ill-conditioned son." Even the shoe-dealers share the enthusiasm. One of them, in anticipation of the arrival of certain celebrated actresses, advertises an "elegant stock of ladies' slippers; the names of the latest novelties are Mlle. Rhéa, Clara Morris, Mary Anderson."

These things are significant. The noblest triumphs of dramatic genius in Athens, when the citizens, high and low, crowded to witness the dramas of Euripides and Sophocles, were always popular festivals; and it was at the popular festivals that followed the advent of peace and liberty in the days of good Queen Bess that the revival of the drama in England began. The very nature and impulse of the drama is to make its appeal to the people—to the people collectively, to all classes together; to widen the horizon of their thoughts and feelings; to awaken in them emotions which the hum-drum round of daily existence does not stir, and thus to give them pleasure which otherwise they could not experience. Consequently the people have always liked the drama, and it was this natural affection that the clever clergy of the Middle Ages took advantage of in establishing those dramatic representations of the life of Christ which were known as Mysteries; and this natural affection it is that the Catholic Church still takes solicitous cognizance of in the pomp and pageantry of the celebrations at her altars. The severity of the Puritan spirit naturally was directed toward the drama, as toward every other representative of the fine arts, inside of the church edifice and outside of it—toward painting, toward sculpture, toward music, toward architecture, toward poetry—and the drama, in childish spite, tried to shock the Puritan spirit by becoming as licentious as the licentious courts of James and the two Charleses would permit. But John Milton, sturdy Puritan though he was, went to the theatre when the plays suited him; and Martin Luther, sturdy reformer though he was, encouraged his friend the Elector Maurice to establish an opera. Our Cincinnati brothers seem to believe that since man has a natural affection for dramatic representations, the part of wisdom is to guide that instinct in a wise direction. Accordingly, they have made a beginning by organizing a grand Shakspearean revival. Next year doubtless they will continue their undertaking by treating us to something modern, but not less sterling.

G. W. Sheldon.

THE DEATH OF MR. PARK.

The career of Mr. James Park, Jun., of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, which closed so peacefully on the 21st of April, at the end of sixty-three years, is one of which his native city may well be proud. The pioneer of steel manufacture in the United States, he lived to see his infant industry grow to stalwart maturity, battling its way to recognition in the markets of the world. In the establishment and conduct of his business Mr. Park performed much hard work. The greatest care was exercised in making new experiments or improvements, and it was his custom to always go through new boilers, about to be put up, with a candle, and thoroughly inspect them before he would allow fire to be put under them. It was some time before the firm recovered from their early struggles, and when, at the end of their first profitable year, the book-keeper brought in a balance sheet showing they had made some fifteen thousand dollars, there were great hopes for the future.

To-day the Black Diamond Steel-Works have the largest capacity for crucible steel in the world, two of the largest open-hearth furnaces, and the largest steam-hammer in the United States, while their business is conducted through five branch houses and more than a dozen outside agencies.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

THE THERMOMETER AS A HEALTH-MEASURER.

In a last year's number of a popular health journal may be found an article on "Mining in Hot Places," the Comstock Mine in Nevada being meant. In this article, which was quoted from a Western journal, I came across the following statement: "The temperature of the blood is about 98° F.; therefore, when a man remains in a hot place for an hour, or even half an hour, his blood and his whole body become heated to a temperature of 115°, 120°, or whatever may be the temperature of the place in which he is at work."

This statement is given without a word of comment by the editor of the popular journal in question, who writes A.M. and M.D. after his name. Let us hope that his readers, and also my own, are acquainted with a fact in physiology of which the learned health journal editor has perhaps never heard—the fact, namely, that the healthy human body preserves nearly the same temperature everywhere and under all circumstances, whether in the hottest mine or upon the coldest arctic iceberg, and that a slight departure from that standard heat, whether produced by exposure or by disease, means the speedy death of the sufferer.

What is this standard heat of the human body? what is the source and degree of this natural animal heat? Its source is the oxidation or burning of the food taken into the system. The food is consumed as in a fire, only far more slowly, but with about an equal disengagement of heat as the result. Throw a sugared almond into the fire: it will burn longer probably than you would think, some two or three minutes, throwing out a considerable volume of flame. In the human body the sugar, starch, and oil of the almond will give out about the same amount of heat during the process of assimilation, which may last many hours. Part of this heat is converted into force, part is radiated. The total amount of heat radiated by a healthy human body is estimated as equal, on the average, to that of two burning candles. Ten persons sitting in a room, that is to say, would warm it as much as twenty candles in the same time.

The degree of this heat, as indicated by the temperature of the blood, varies with different animals and classes of animals, but for each kind and individual it remains very nearly the same. Birds are the warmest-blooded; their animal heat ranges from 106° to 111° F. The temperature of mammals lies between equally narrow limits; that of the porpoise is 97°, of the horse 99°, and of the ass and the hare 100°. On this point the cat and the rat are in complete accord, having each a vital temperature of 102°. The sheep, the goat, and the sea-cow have the warmest blood of all the mammals, its heat reaching 104°. But how small is this range, especially in view of the immense difference in the natures, habits, and surroundings of the different animals I have named!

The temperature of the human body has been studied with great care. Its average height was first determined by the researches of Dr. Brechet. In health, as measured by an accurate thermometer placed in the armpit, it is 98.6° F., or 37° C. The actual heat of the blood is about 1° F. higher than this. The differences between the temperatures of different individuals are extremely small, 1° or 2° F. The spontaneous variations in the temperature of the same individual during health are also slight, seldom as much as one degree in the course of a day. Two or three degrees is the utmost range for health. Any range lower than 97.2° or higher than 99.5° (in the axilla) is very suspicious; more than this means disease; a little more means danger; still a little more derangement of the natural heat means death. In the large hospital practice of Dr. Wünderlich the lowest temperature among severe cases which yet recovered was 92.3°. At the other extreme, there is no record of a life which has survived a blood temperature of 113°. So delicate is the adjustment of the flame that we call life!

It is by the clinical thermometer that we study the movement of these temperatures from the normal standard of health upward or downward to disease. The instrument forewarns us of the danger and describes it; a barometer of health, it is one that is so easily used, and in its simpler indications so easily understood, that it should be familiar in every family. Far more clearly than the barometer foretells the weather does the clinical thermometer warn us of the approach or foretell the close of the storm of disease in the microcosm of the human system.

The instrument as made by the best makers, as by John Tagliabue, of New York, is graduated by tenths of a degree from 95° to 110° F.—an extremer range of figures, I hope, than any of my readers will ever be called on to note at the bedside of a loved one. And what are the indications, for better or for worse, of the *hygeimeter*, or health-indicator, as the clinical thermometer might properly be called?

1. The standard of health being a temperature of 98.6° F., a *constant* temperature, or one that varies in health not more than one-quarter of a degree either way from this *norm* in the same individual, is a proof of a sound constitution.

2. And conversely, "mobility of temperature under the action of external influences is a sign of some diseased condition" (Wünderlich).

3. A natural temperature does not prove health, though it is a presumption of health. But as I have said, any variation from the normal temperature that exceeds two degrees, either upward or downward, is to be taken as almost certainly meaning disease; while temperatures above 108° or below 92° F. are, with very few exceptions, fatal.

4. Each and every disease that is well marked in its course and symptoms—that is, *typical*, in scientific phrase—produces in each of its stages its own effects upon the temperature of the blood, and gives, therefore, numbers that may be figured in curves which are characteristic of the particular disease.

These latter details are for the physician to record and study; they are too complex for description here. But any other person—even the patient himself, unless a child—can make the preliminary observations of which I speak, and the nurse should know how to make them in the absence of the physician. Even a single observation with the clinical thermometer will tell us whether the patient is really ill. Two or three observations will inform us what the kind of danger is, and will sometimes determine the probable mildness or severity of an attack. In most families illness is threatened, at least, not infrequently, and it is of great service to be able to know promptly whether to send for the doctor or not. The general rule on the point, subject of course to slight modification for the individual, is to call medical aid if the temperature rises above 101° or falls below 97°.

5. Influences which do not disturb the temperature of the healthy derange that of the sick. The occurrence of abnormal temperatures in persons who have been previously healthy points to the existence of disease. The thermometer indicates, for instance, the existence of tuberculosis by evening elevations of three or four degrees.

Such in brief is the clinical thermometer, the most recent and one of the most important appliances that medical science has given us. Its use requires intelligence, but no special skill. It is only necessary to handle the instrument carefully, to keep it dry and clean, and in using it to leave it in the closed arm-pit for not less than four minutes. Read the result carefully and promptly, and note it down at once, with the day and hour, for the use of the physician. A permanent record of the temperatures of each child should also be kept from infancy. It will prove serviceable to the physician, and will form a part of the physiological history of the child.

Titus Munson Coan.

THE GREAT CYCLONE.

The awful storm of wind and rain which on Sunday, April 22, swept over Mississippi, Georgia, and South Carolina, leaving ruin and devastation in its track, was one of the most extended and destructive cyclones ever known in this country. Between two and three hundred lives were lost, and nearly a thousand persons were injured.

The towns of Wesson and Beauregard, in Mississippi, suffered more severely than any other places in the track of the cyclone. At the former town the first signal of the approaching storm was noticed at three o'clock in the afternoon. Dark and low-lying clouds enveloped everything in gloom, and a few minutes later the cyclone burst upon the inhabitants. Houses and other buildings were swept away in an instant, and their fragments blown and scattered in every direction. The loss of life was very large, and the destruction of property is estimated at many thousand dollars. Hardly a vestige marks the site of the village of Beauregard. The entire town was swept away, and the surrounding valleys were strewn with twisted and splintered timbers. Human beings, freight-cars, houses, and live stock were whirled through the air with frightful velocity. The total loss of property in the two towns will aggregate, it is said, $300,000.

Many sad stories are related of the destruction of life and property outside of the towns. Hundreds of farm-houses, hundreds of small cabins, were swept away, and their inmates killed or wounded. In the picture on our first page our artist, who has witnessed similar storms in the South, has endeavored to convey an idea of the awful scenes that accompanied this cyclone—the blackness of the air, illuminated by terrific flashes of lightning, the flying débris of buildings, fences, and trees, the utter helplessness of humanity in the wild uproar and tumult of the elements.

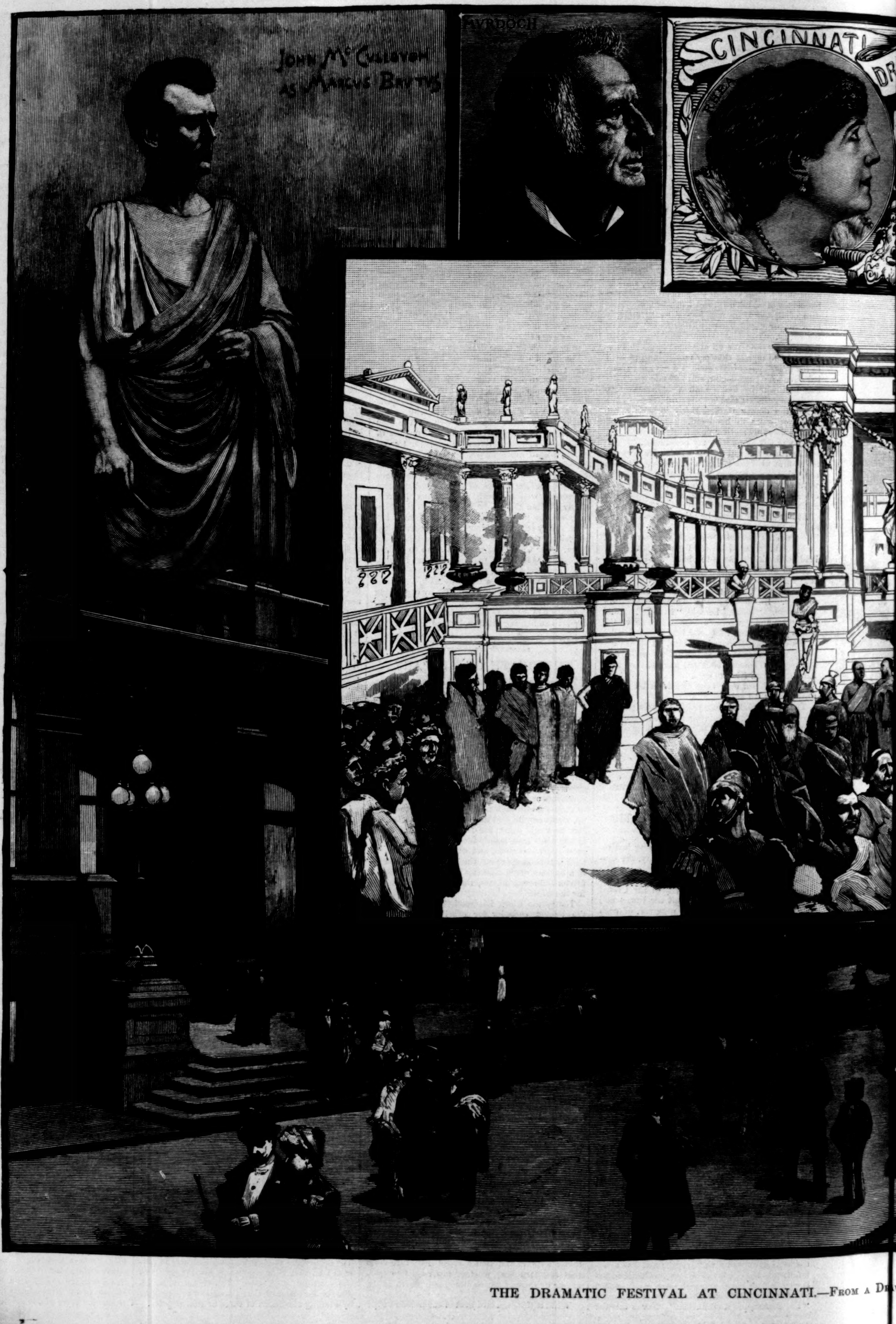
TAXIDERMISTS' EXHIBITION.

Something very novel and interesting in the way of an exhibition is to be found in that of the Society of American Taxidermists, held this week at Lyric Hall in this city. The object of the society is to improve the quality of taxidermy, both for ornamental and scientific purposes, and raise it to the dignity of an art. The present exhibition, the third held by the society since its organization, is by far the best exposition of the possibilities of taxidermy which has been opened to the public. The display is arranged under twelve heads, comprising groups of mammals, birds, reptiles, and fishes, single specimens, animals grotesquely mounted, and articles for use or ornament, such as scenes, medallions, dead game, etc. It affords a new idea of the possibilities of taxidermy to those who have known it chiefly through the medium of stuffed cats and canaries.

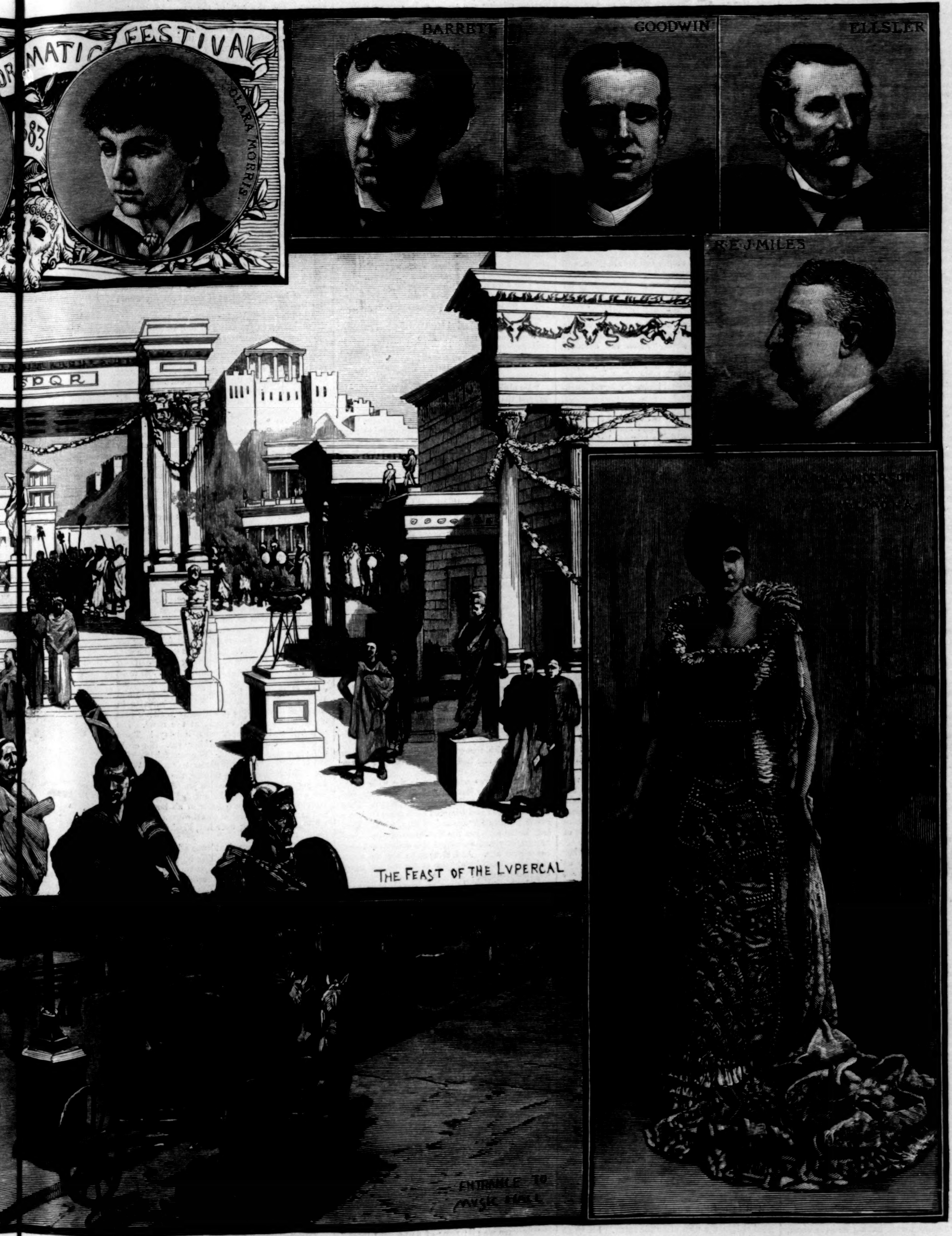
THE NEW ASSAY OFFICE SUPERINTENDENT.

Mr. Andrew Mason, whom the President has appointed to succeed Dr. Pierre C. Van Wyck, deceased, as Superintendent of the United States Assay Office in New York, was born May 27, 1829, at New Milns, Ayrshire, Scotland, during a visit of his parents to their native land. He was brought up in Philadelphia, his parents' adopted home, and received his education in the public schools of that city, graduating from the well-known Central High School. For several years after leaving school he was employed in the commission house of the late General Robert Patterson. In 1850 he was appointed to a position in the Philadelphia Mint, and in 1854, on the organization of the New York Assay Office, was made Assistant Assayer under Dr. John Torrey, for many years Chief Assayer of that institution. Mr. Mason has therefore been connected with the New York office about twenty-nine years. In July, 1865, he succeeded the late Edward N. Kent as Melter and Refiner—a position which he has held up to the present time.

Soon after his appointment as Melter and Refiner Mr. Mason introduced the sulphuric acid process of separating gold from silver in place of the much more costly nitric acid process in use in all the mints and assay offices until then—a change which has very largely reduced the cost of the operation to the depositors, and at the same time resulted in the saving of thousands of dollars annually to the government. In recognition of this important service Congress in 1874 voted him a special appropriation of $10,000, and he was given leave of absence for about three months to recruit his health, which had been seriously impaired by close and long-continued application to his public duties. Two years ago he was commissioned, as one peculiarly fitted for the service by his intimate knowledge of Mint affairs, to investigate the condition of the Carson City Mint—a task which he performed to the entire satisfaction of the Department. While in San Francisco, engaged on this business, at the request of the Mint officers he supervised the introduction there of the sulphuric acid process.


JOHN McCULLOUGH
AS MARCUS BRUTUS
MURDOCH
CINCINNATI
DR
RHEA

THE DRAMATIC FESTIVAL AT CINCINNATI.—From a Dr


MATIC FESTIVAL
883
CLARA MORRIS
BARRETT
GOODWIN
ELLSLER
R.E.J. MILES
SPQR
THE FEAST OF THE LVPERCAL
ENTRANCE TO
MUSIC HALL

Dr wing by H. F. Farny and Photographs by J. Landy.—[See Page 279.]

"DISARMED!"*

By MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS,

Author of "Kitty," "Exchange no Robbery," "Holidays in Eastern France," "Dr. Jacob," "The Sylvestres; or, the Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

Arthura lived in two worlds, divided only by an hour and a half of railway, yet unlike each other as remote antipodes. The place she greeted so rapturously next day was wholly sad and unlovely. Instead of tossing waves and exhilarating breezes, a white town glittering along the sea-marge, and resting on hills verdurous even in November, she saw a picture as sordid as may be. It was certainly not London in tatters, but London out at elbows—London shorn of its sable pomp, and shivering in the thin garments of poor gentility. This townling within a town was one of those numerous suburban colonies of poor people ashamed to be held poor. One street of ill-built little houses was precisely like its fellow. There were precocious little serving-maids cleaning windows, gardens in front narrow as hearth-rugs, clothes that would never dry hanging out at the back, and nothing in one window that you did not see in the next. Yet a fire blazed on every hearth, the cheap red curtains had a warm look, on every sill was a flower or bird-cage for grace. As Arthura tripped along the narrow street her step became buoyant, her cheek glowed with happy expectation as her heart leaped. She breathed the air of home.

"Arthura! my own Arthura!" cried a young voice from within. Straightway the door flew open, and a delicate-looking boy of eleven was almost throttling her with embraces, a girl two years younger was clutching her gown, the young mother followed, leading a third, and all was joyous commotion. "You should have written, Arthura," began her young step-mother, affectionately, but with a tone of melancholy reproach. "We have nothing fit to give you for dinner."

"My dear little Steppie"—her pet name for a step-mother little older than herself—"you must not bewail the dinner, but be merry. I could not tell you, because I did not know. I am to have a day's holiday once a month. Only think of that!" Then she kissed the little company over and over again—Steppie, the boy Walter, Benjamine, and her three-year-old sister. "My own, own Arthura," cried Walter, clinging to her, gazing up into her face as if his very life were there. "Kiss me a thousand times, my Arthura."

Whilst Steppie very carefully and admiringly disrobed Arthura, putting away plumed hat, rich fur cloak, and silver-handled umbrella, little Benjamine's face presented an interesting study.

First with large eyes, pale blue as milk and water, she inspected the muff. Finding it absolutely and hopelessly empty, she sniffed gently round the cloak, lifting up the lappets, peering slyly into the pockets. Like the muff, they held nothing. Benjamine next glanced at the umbrella. No little parcel was fastened to it. She at last sadly and resignedly sat down by Arthura's side. "What beautiful things you wear now!" she said.

"It is my livery," Arthura answered, merrily. "Miss Hermitage's servants all wear livery—the men powdered wigs and artificial legs covered with silk stockings, the women furs and feathers."

"Arthura," Steppie cried, ready to shed tears of mortification, "how can you talk in that way to the poor children?"

"Would you have them believe that I like wearing a hundred pounds' worth of clothes whilst they are fitted out at the slop-shop?" Arthura asked, with almost brutal frankness.

"That reminds me," Steppie began—"I am very sorry. I always have something disagreeable to say when you come home. The children must have new shoes. I could not take them to church last Sunday because they were so badly shod."

Arthura took out her purse, and with unruffled spirits emptied its contents on the table. There were several pieces of gold, a number of shillings, and one sixpence. She picked up nothing but her railway ticket, and pushed the money toward her step-mother. "There, dear little mamma, I wish I had more to give you."

Benjamine crept up to her mother's side.

"May I have the sixpence for the doll you promised me?" she said..

"Yes," cried Arthura, overhearing the question. "And give Walter something, and Baby too. I was too delighted at the prospect of seeing you all to think of presents."

"I hope you are happy?" asked Steppie.

"As happy as I can be away from you. My notion of perfect happiness is to have nothing to do all day but lie here on the sofa with the children jumping over me, and little mamma feeding me with a spoon."

The children laughed immoderately.

"How amusing you always are!" sighed Steppie. "'Tis but a dull companion I am to the poor children. I could cry sometimes to think how dull I am."

"That is an odd way of trying to be livelier," laughed Arthura. "You should read some funny story that makes you laugh till the tears run down."

"Tell us such a story. Make mamma's tears run down," said Walter.

"No; when we have had dinner we will do something better than have stories. Wait and see," replied Arthura, looking mysterious.

It was soon one of the clock—dinner-time—and the little maid-of-all-work having laid the cloth, the party sat down.

"A wretched dinner for you," moaned Steppie. "Now had you come the day before yesterday, you would have dined off a hot joint."

The dinner was no worse than it generally is in households where means are straitened and gentility at a premium. But the savor of home was there. Arthura, with Walter by her side and the rest of her little family in sight, could have swallowed anything short of ogre's fare.

Grace said, and the cloth taken away, she sprang up joyfully. "Little mamma shall play to us, and we will dance," she said—"dance madly till we hear the muffin bell."

Dancing and muffins! Each word conveyed to the children's minds the very apex of enjoyment. They knew not which to enjoy most—the delectation of the moment or the thought of the pleasure to come. Steppie, proud and happy to have her one accomplishment called into requisition, sat down to the piano. Arthura danced now with Walter, now with demure Benjamine, now with one-syllabled Baby. It was wonderful how much contentment Baby managed to express with her monosyllables. All were in frolicsome mood. Even Steppie declared that she was enjoying herself.

"At least, not enjoying *myself*: I can not say that I ever do that. But I am enjoying you, I suppose, Arthura."

The minutes flew by desperately. There was the muffin bell.

But although the muffin bell heralded tea, and tea Arthura's departure, all kept up their spirits till the last moment. How could they help it? First of all, Arthura, all tears, sighs, and depression, acted the woe-begone figure she should make entering Miss Hermitage's drawing-room. Then with inimitable mimicry she showed how, in the midst of her despondency, Miss Hermitage's pet parrot would shout, "Fetch the doctor!" changing her tears to laughter. Lastly, standing on the hearth-rug, she acted alternately the part of Colette, vinaigrette in hand, offering consolation, and of herself utterly inconsolable, yet laughing between her sobs.

This comic scene sent the children into ecstasies, but no time for encores! only just enough to hurry on hats and cloaks and catch the train. Arthura did, however, find a moment before they set out to put her arms round her step-mother's neck and whisper,

"Of course, Steppie, as soon as papa's debts are paid, you shall be made much more comfortable."

Then they all started, prattling cheerfully as they made their way through the fog.

"Tell me," Steppie said, as the train came up. "Nobody is unkind? You are not snubbed and flouted?"

Arthura laughed merrily.

"You have never been to court, little mamma. Everybody is good to the court fool, the zany. I am as the apple of Miss Hermitage's eye."

Before Steppie had time to remonstrate, the train was off.

CHAPTER IX.

Valerian could gild refined gold and paint the lily in matters of enjoyment, but how to plant Miss Hermitage's bower with moly and amaranth, and shut out breaths from the cold dark underworld of Shades?

Do what he might, mortal reminders would come in the likeness of such winter ailments as flesh is heir to: the cough and catarrh inseparable from age as expectant next of kin. Through the very key-holes these warning whispers continued to make insinuating way, and curtains downier than starlings' nests failed to keep them out.

"I suppose, if Valerian can not keep me well in England, we must betake ourselves to the Riviera next winter," she said to Mr. Constantine. "But I find England quite as amusing, and to folks of our generation it seems more natural to live in one's own country 'in spite of the climate.'"

"I do not think the climate of a certain other country we are fast bound for will trouble us much. Whether you will find it amusing or no, my poor Christina, I can not say."

"I am sure I do not ask you to say. You are welcome to think what you please, and to keep your thoughts a secret," retorted Miss Hermitage. "I sincerely hope, Constantine, when I am as old as you are, I shall be less disagreeable."

"Come, cousin, we won't quarrel. Tottering on the verge of the grave as we both are, we ought to love each other like turtle-doves. Still, I make use of the privilege of kinship to urge on you—"

"An odious privilege, too. Am I in my dotage? Can not I do as I will with my own? I know what you are driving at. What can it concern you how I dispose of my money?"

"Tush, tush, my dear Christina! You can not be angry with your old cousin. I can have none but disinterested motives in persuading you to make your will. It is your duty as a citizen."

"Well, have you made yours?" asked Miss Hermitage, brusquely.

"Upon my honor I have. But as I have nothing to leave, what does it matter?"

"Nothing to leave? What an old spendthrift! And your money has been squandered on no good objects—that I feel certain of," retorted Miss Hermitage.

Mr. Constantine looked more insinuating than ever.

"My dear Christina, you are not a child. You know something of the world and its ways. I may, then, blush for my follies in your presence. But it is not the model husbands and fathers that make the world better, remember. It is the good citizen, the man of public spirit. I have at least been a squanderer in good causes also."

"Well, is my squandering in bad causes?" asked Miss Hermitage. "I employ plenty of people. I encourage trade."

"Women were not taught political economy when you learned Shakspeare and the musical glasses," answered the other, with perfect good nature. "But you have the right to enjoy your money. The only point I feel it a duty, as your nearest relation and senior, to insist upon is this: you must know as well as I do that if you never make a will, poor Valerian would not so much as get a quarter's allowance if it happened to be due."

So saying, Mr. Constantine rose and very significantly with his walking stick traced on the carpet the family escutcheon bearing a Bar Sinister.

Miss Hermitage was not to be moved.

"Then it would fall to Stephana to provide for him. She has plenty of money. She may marry Valerian if she chooses when I am gone."

"Oh! you do think you shall go, as you call it, some time or other?" laughed Mr. Constantine, lightly. "Don't be so superstitious as to suppose that the making of a will would hasten departure. I made mine, the first of many, fifty years ago."

"Much good it would do, if, as you say, you have nothing to leave."

"Well, one always has something. For instance, in my last codicil I bequeathed to you my dress suit, shoe-buckles and all. It will so pleasingly remind you of the heyday of age we are now spending together, these lover-like confabulations and almost amorous confidences."

"I am sure it is very handsome of you to leave me your old clothes! Now had you left me the family portraits in your possession I would not say no."

"Not too late!" cried Mr. Constantine, eagerly. "I will order a fresh codicil to be drawn up this very day—provided that you, by way of return, leave me five thousand a year!"

"You are absurdity itself. Ten years my senior, and asthmatic to boot!"

"Do oblige me, Christina. Supposing it should happen that I live to be a centenarian and you are prematurely cut off, how glad you would feel that you had smoothed my declining years!"

"If you have not enough to live upon, you are most welcome to anything you want. You know that well enough, Constantine. But I must go my own ways. I can not be interfered with."

"I always said you were an angel. I only want, alas! what you refuse to give me, your confidence, your affection. Well, I am off to Stephana. She never refuses me anything, and I will tell her that it is her duty to marry Valerian."

"I hope she will tell you that it is your duty to leave other people's marriages alone."

"And wills? Well, God bless you, my dear Christina. We part in peace, I hope?"

"You are not going off on a journey, are you?" asked Miss Hermitage.

"No, indeed," was the reply. "I could but think of yourself. The gruel basin, the hot posset, the slight—forgive me, Christina—the slight redness of the nose—all these things awaken anxiety when we are—well, no longer what we used to be."

"Come, Constantine, the luncheon bell! You must really stay or go. Stay, I say, for Stephana's genius does not lie in the direction of eating and drinking."

Raillery and banter will, however, often do what argument fails to accomplish, and Colette's quick mind soon discovered that her friend and patroness was pondering. Something, the little Frenchwoman knew not what, had set her thinking. She entered airily as usual into the day's distractions, with recovered health recovering her spirits. But she had evidently a weight on her mind.

Now there was one person in the wide world from whom Miss Hermitage had no secrets, and that one person was Mademoiselle Colette. They had summered and wintered each other (to use a rustic phrase) for upward of fifty years. They had borne together the thralldom of youth, and in company had welcomed the deliverance that came with age. And, strange to say, the materialism and self-indulgence of the one had never infected the other.

Colette, now an old woman, was all pure, unalloyed musicalness and sweetness, as when, an orphan girl of twenty, she had been received as companion to the miser's daughter. Did the pair love each other? Rather did Miss Hermitage love any one?—for Colette's warm heart embraced all the world.

Who can answer such a question? But if not affection, at least generosity or gratitude made the rich woman act a protector's part to the penniless one. Colette, to use her patroness's words, had everything she wanted. Confidence, like love, is accorded to those who do not go out of their way in search of it, and Colette during fifty years had never asked Miss Hermitage a personal question. She knew well enough that in due time she should learn her friend's most secret thought, and so it was now.

"Colly," said Miss Hermitage, one morning, "I am going to send Arthura and Valerian away to-morrow for a week. The servants must go too, except Bates, who is so deaf that she would not hear a cannon-ball going off under her ear. Mr. Brown is coming."

"I am very glad," answered Colette, always on the side of right and kindliness.

"Why you should be glad I can not conceive. What difference can it make to you?"

"I was thinking of Valerian," said the little Frenchwoman, meekly.

"One would suppose, to hear you and Constantine talk of Valerian, that I had never done anything for him. He has as much as he deserves, I am sure."

"So have we all; some of us perhaps more," was the reply.

"You talk like a child, Colette. As if deserving had anything to do with the good or evil fortune that befalls us in this world. Nobody deserves anything. We just take our chance as people do with lottery tickets. Well, Mr. Brown is coming, so I hope you will now be satisfied."

Nothing more was said, but next day by noon Miss Hermitage's house wore a look of funereal gloom. The shutters of the ground-floor were closed, the blinds of the upper chambers were drawn. Not a sign of life was to be seen. Some careless passers-by supposed that Miss Hermitage had been very suddenly stricken down with mortal sickness. Others that she had lost her cousin Mr. Constantine. The world of acquaintance took it for granted that she was, as the phrase goes, "out of town." No one surmised the true state of the case. Closeted with her faithful old friend and legal adviser Brown, Colette stationed outside the door lest even the deaf old woman-servant left in charge might peep through the key-hole, Miss Hermitage was at length making her will.

CHAPTER X.

Never spring-tide gave more seductive hints of sunshine holiday than on that April morning when Arthura and Valerian found themselves so unexpectedly and enchantingly cast adrift. How fair and pleasant looked the world! The zephyrs breathed softly from the south, the brilliant metallic sea was changed to gently ruffled azure, the fishing-barks, instead of battling for very life with fury of wind and waves, glided lazily or lay at anchor, as if the sweet day would last forever.

And life was theirs for seven whole days. No more amusement to think of and to scheme, no more happy devices necessary daily, hourly, momentarily.

They could both be as dull as they pleased till twelve of the clock that day week. No wonder they breathed, not common air, but intoxicating ether, and hardly touched the ground as they went. Noisy as must any railway station be, perhaps it is the most exhilarating place in the universe. The very railway whistle has sweetest music in it, the bustle and turbulence intoxicate the senses. We are going somewhere; we are leaving somebody behind. Let us pardon our ancestors their bloody encounters, their savage pastimes. They had no railway to whirl them in a twinkling from routine and relations.

Arthura, a lackey beside her holding reticule and wraps, looked more like a queen than a young lady living, as the phrase goes, by her wits. A duchess might well have envied that erect carriage, that fine glow of spirit, that faultless set of the head, not to speak of eyes and brow.

Valerian came up, cold as ice, and automatic as if he too wore livery.

"There is your ticket," he said. "We must travel by sea-coast, as there is no other train for an hour. I go to the smoking carriage, so will say 'good-by,' and wish you a pleasant journey." Then having seen to the proper arrangement of her bagatelles, he took formal leave. In another minute the train moved off, slowly following the sea-line. The radiant girl looked out of the window, smiling to herself, laughing to herself for very joy. But for the absurdity of it she must have burst out singing. A week, a long unending week of home, of freedom! And Steppie and Walter and Benjamine? What a surprise in store for them! She saw already Walter's pale cheek crimson with delight at the news. His own Arthura! and for seven round days! Tears of exquisite expectation filled her eyes. She could no longer contain herself. She was fairly crying at last—crying from pure gladness of soul. When the train stopped for a minute, the door of her carriage opened, and Valerian jumped in. Without a word of apology he sat down. The cold ceremoniousness of a quarter of an hour before had vanished. The mask was thrown aside. Her lover stood bending over her, kissing away her tears.

"The joy! the surprise!" was all she could say, whilst she wept on, he smiling reproaches.

"Listen!" he said, flushed, trembling with haste and eagerness. "A wonderful idea has just flashed across my mind. You must not, you can not, say no. In the other end of the train is a protégée of Colette's, a French school-mistress, going back with her little girl to France. Let us go with them. Let us spend our holiday on the other side of the water."

All her doubts, misgivings, and hesitancy he read at a glance. Her pure, candid face opened to him as a book.

"I know this lady, Colette's friend, well. She would take care of you. If the adventure is discovered, no blame could be attached to either of us. But it will not be discovered. I will bind her over to secrecy. And you shall have your promised holiday in the summer to spend at home. That I promise—I guarantee."

Still Arthura wavered.

"Think of me," he urged. "I could but see you at your step-mother's. We have so much to say to each other, and here is an opportunity."

Arthura said never a word.

"Oh, we must go," he cried. "You need just such a distraction. And France! France! To be in France! Think of that!"

But Arthura could not think at all. The sudden sense of freedom, the relief at throwing aside the mask worn so many months, had quite overcome her. She only wanted a quiet place in which to weep happy tears.

"Then I decide for you," he said. "I not only decide, I take all the responsibility. We will go with this lady. You shall stay under her roof, and every day we will run about in the country together."

That notion of running about in the country with Valerian made Arthura smile through her tears. She let him do as he would, only begging to be left alone for the present—till they were on the boat, till they were in France, she said.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1373.

"Till we get back again?" smiled Valerian.

But he humored her, getting out at the next station, and Arthura had a priceless hour to herself. No one was by.

She could ease her too happy heart by tears, not the first, certes, of her young life, but the first—perhaps the last—shed out of pure unalloyed joy. Who ever wept twice for being too happy?

Then the train stopped, and there came the excitement of a first little sea-voyage. Arthura, placed between her new friends, looked around her with quick, eager eyes.

Nothing she saw now was ever forgotten: the strange sweet aspect of English landscape as it gradually faded from view; the pure waters through which the vessel moved like a living thing that knows its way; most of all the ships coming and going, the sea birds darting hither and thither. All was life and movement on what she had imagined to herself must be the solitary, silent ocean. Then as gradually dawned a beautiful old town built high on a green hill—no look of England here; church towers, house-tops, even shutters, had an outlandish appearance. The place seemed to smile a welcome, and gentle gales breathed from the lea-shore. Nearer and nearer they came till they were close under the bustling harbor and quaint town, both bright as in a picture.

The sailors on the quay shouted, using foreign speech, and military music could be heard from a neighboring square. A little convent bell tinkled sweetly in the suburbs.

At last the keel grazed the sand, and the travellers landed one by one under the waving tricolor.

They had set foot on the soil of happy France, the pleasant, pleasant land—land of liberty, of light-heartedness, and of love!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT SOCIAL CLASSES OWE TO EACH OTHER.

By PROFESSOR W. G. SUMNER.

XI.

WHEREFORE WE SHOULD LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

Suppose that a man, going through a wood, should be struck by a falling tree and pinned down beneath it. Suppose that another man coming that way and finding him there should, instead of hastening to give or to bring aid, begin to lecture on the law of gravitation, taking the tree as an illustration. Suppose, again, that a person lecturing on the law of gravitation should state the law of falling bodies, and suppose that an objector should say: You state your law as a cold mathematical fact, and you declare that all bodies will fall conformably to it. How heartless! You do not reflect that it may be a beautiful little child falling from a window.

These two suppositions may be of some use to us as illustrations.

Let us take the second first. It is the objection of the sentimentalist, and ridiculous as the mode of discussion appears when applied to the laws of natural philosophy, the sociologist is constantly met by objections of just that character. Especially when the subject under discussion is charity in any of its public forms, the attempt to bring method and clearness into the discussion is sure to be crossed by suggestions which are as far from the point and as foreign to any really intelligent point of view as the supposed speech in the illustration. In the first place, a child would fall just as a stone would fall. Nature's forces know no pity. Just so in sociology. The forces know no pity. In the second place, if a natural philosopher should discuss all the bodies which may fall, he would go entirely astray, and would certainly do no good. The same is true of the sociologist. He must concentrate, not scatter, and study laws, not all conceivable combinations of force which may occur in practice. In the third place, nobody ever saw a body fall as the philosophers say it will fall, because they can accomplish nothing unless they study forces separately, and allow for their combined action in all concrete and actual phenomena. The same is true in sociology, with the additional fact that the forces and their combinations in sociology are far the most complex which we have to deal with. In the fourth place, any natural philosopher who should stop, after stating the law of falling bodies, to warn mothers not to let their children fall out of the window, would make himself ridiculous. Just so a sociologist who should attach moral applications and practical maxims to his investigations would entirely miss his proper business. There is the force of gravity as a fact in the world. If we understand this, the necessity of care to conform to the action of gravity meets us at every step in our private life and personal experience. The fact in sociology is in no wise different.

If, for instance, we take political economy, that science does not teach an individual how to get rich. It is a social science. It treats of the laws of the material welfare of human societies. It is therefore only one science among all the sciences which inform us about the laws and conditions of our life on earth. Education has for its object to give a man knowledge of the conditions and laws of living, so that, in any case in which the individual stands face to face with the necessity of deciding what to do, if he is an educated man, he may know how to make a wise and intelligent decision. If he knows chemistry, physics, geology, and other sciences, he will know what he must encounter of obstacle or help in nature in what he proposes to do. If he knows physiology and hygiene, he will know what effects on health he must expect in one course or another. If he knows political economy, he will know what effect on wealth and on the welfare of society one course or another will produce. There is no injunction, no "ought" in political economy at all. It does not assume to tell man what he ought to do any more than chemistry tells us that we ought to mix things, or mathematics that we ought to solve equations. It only gives one element necessary to an intelligent decision, and in every practical and concrete case the responsibility of deciding what to do rests on the man who has to act. The economist, therefore, does not say to any one, You ought never to give money to charity. He contradicts anybody who says, You ought to give money to charity; and, in opposition to any such person, he says, Let me show you what difference it makes to you, to others, to society, whether you give money to charity or not, so that you can make a wise and intelligent decision. Certainly there is no harder thing to do than to employ capital charitably. It would be extreme folly to say that nothing of that sort ought to be done, but I fully believe that to-day the next most pernicious thing to vice is charity in its broad and popular sense.

In the papers of which this is the last I have discussed the public and social relations of classes, and those social topics in which groups of persons are considered as groups or classes without regard to personal merits or demerits. I have relegated all charitable work to the domain of private relations, where personal acquaintance and personal estimates may furnish the proper limitations and guarantees. A man who had no sympathies and no sentiments would be a very poor creature; but the public charities, more especially the legislative charities, nourish no man's sympathies and sentiments. Furthermore, it ought to be distinctly perceived that any charitable and benevolent effort which any man desires to make voluntarily, to see if he can do any good, lies entirely beyond the field of discussion. It would be as impertinent to prevent his effort as it is to force co-operation in an effort on some one who does not want to participate in it. What I choose to do by way of exercising my own sympathies under my own reason and conscience is one thing, what another man forces me to do of a sympathetic character, because his reason and conscience approve of it, is quite another thing.

What, now, is the reason why we should help each other? This carries us back to the other illustration with which we started. We may philosophize as coolly and correctly as we choose about our duties and about the laws of right living; no one of us lives up to what he knows. The man struck by the falling tree has perhaps been careless. We are all careless. Environed as we are by risks and perils, which befall us as misfortunes, no man of us is in a position to say, "I know all the laws, and am sure to obey them all; therefore I shall never need aid and sympathy." At the very best, one of us fails in one way and another in another, if we do not fail altogether. Therefore the man under the tree is the one of us who for the moment is smitten. It may be you to-morrow, and I next day. It is the common frailty in the midst of a common peril which gives us a kind of solidarity of interest to rescue the one for whom the chances of life have turned out badly just now. Probably the victim is to blame. He almost always is so. A lecture to that effect in the crisis of his peril would be out of place, because it would not fit the need of the moment, but it would be very much in place at another time when the need was to avert the repetition of such an accident to somebody else. Men, therefore, owe to men, in the chances and perils of this life, aid and sympathy, on account of the common participation in human frailty and folly. This observation, however, puts aid and sympathy in the field of private and personal relations, under the regulation of reason and conscience, and gives no ground for mechanical and impersonal schemes.

We may then distinguish four things:

1. The function of science is to investigate truth. Science is colorless and impersonal. It investigates the force of gravity, and finds out the laws of that force, and has nothing to do with the weal or woe of men under the operation of the law.

2. The moral deductions as to what one ought to do are to be drawn by the reason and conscience of the individual man who is instructed by science. Let him take note of the force of gravity, and see to it that he does not walk off a precipice or get in the way of a falling body.

3. On account of the number and variety of perils of all kinds by which our lives are environed, and on account of ignorance, carelessness, and folly, we all neglect to obey the moral deductions which we have learned, so that, in fact, the wisest and the best of us act foolishly and suffer.

4. The law of sympathy, by which we share each others' burdens, is to do as we would be done by. It is not a scientific principle, and does not admit of such generalization or interpretation that A can tell B what this law enjoins on B to do. Hence the relations of sympathy and sentiment are essentially limited to two persons only, and they can not be made a basis for the relations of groups of persons, or for discussion by any third party.

The current discussions about the claims and rights of social classes on each other are radically erroneous and fallacious. If we refuse to recognize any classes as existing in society when perhaps a claim might be set up that the wealthy, educated, and virtuous have acquired special rights and precedence, we certainly can not recognize any classes when it is attempted to establish such distinctions for the sake of imposing burdens and duties on one group for the benefit of others. The men who have not done their duty in this world never can be equal to those who have done their duty more or less well. If words like wise and foolish, thrifty and extravagant, prudent and negligent, have any meaning in language, then it must make some difference how people behave in this world, and the difference will appear in the position they acquire in the body of society, and in relation to the chances of life. They may then be classified in reference to these facts. Such classes always will exist; no other social distinctions can endure. If, then, we look to the origin and definition of these classes, we shall find it impossible to deduce any obligations which one of them bears to the other. The class distinctions simply result from the different degrees of success with which men have availed themselves of the chances which were presented to them. Instead of endeavoring to redistribute the acquisitions which have been made between the existing classes, our aim should be to *increase, multiply, and extend the chances.* Such is the work of civilization. Every old error or abuse which is removed opens new chances of development to all the new energy of society. Every improvement in education, science, art, or government expands the chances of man on earth. Such expansion is no guarantee of equality. On the contrary, if there be liberty, some will profit by the chances eagerly and some will neglect them altogether. Therefore the greater the chances the more unequal will be the fortune of these two sets of men. So it ought to be, in all justice and right reason. But if we can expand the chances, we can count on a general and steady growth of civilization and advancement of society by and through its best members. In the prosecution of these chances we all owe to each other good-will, mutual respect, and mutual guarantees of liberty and security. Beyond this nothing can be affirmed as a duty of one group to another in a free state. The yearning after equality is the offspring of envy and covetousness, and there is no possible plan for satisfying that yearning which can do aught else than rob A to give to B; consequently all such plans nourish some of the meanest vices of human nature, waste capital, and overthrow civilization.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

In a somewhat roundabout way comes news of a remarkable discovery said to have been made by an Australian electrician. The London *Times* says the Rev. Mr. Gilbert, of New Zealand, told an audience recently that Dr. Guidrah, of Victoria, had constructed an electrical apparatus which produced with wonderful fidelity pictures of objects that were at a distance, somewhat after the manner of the reproduction of sounds by the telephone. According to Mr. Gilbert, a trial of the new instrument has taken place in Melbourne in the presence of forty scientific and public men, and, sitting in a darkened room, they saw projected on a large disk of white burnished metal the race-course at Flemington, with its many moving figures. "Minute details," says the account, "stood out with perfect fidelity to the original, and as they looked at the wonderful picture through binocular glasses it was difficult to imagine that they were not actually on the course itself, and moving among those whose actions they could so completely scan." The new instrument is called the electroscope.

A new trade paper is called *The Corset.* Of course it has announced that it has "come to stay."

The great increase in the number of apartment-houses in this city has checked the advance in rents, and has caused landlords to take thought as to how they may keep their property profitable as an investment. Many families who live in apartments store their household goods from the 1st of May till the 1st of October, spend the intervening months in the country, and reduce their yearly expenditures by so doing. The landlords are striving to do away with the 1st of May as the day of moving, and to substitute for it the 1st of October—an arrangement that would secure them tenants the year around. At the present rate of building, the prices of apartments of the better class will soon come down to figures at which families of moderate means can afford to retain their apartments throughout the year, and still enjoy the summer months by the sea-side or in the mountains.

Making some comparisons between Wall Street and Texas, a paper says that land in the former location sells at the rate of fifteen million dollars an acre, while in the Lone Star State it can be bought for six cents an acre, and that in Texas a steer costs fifteen dollars, while a New-Yorker would gladly pay fifteen dollars to have a Texas steer taken away if it happened to be in his yard. It may be added that a Wall Street "steer" sometimes costs as much as a good-sized patch of land in the same region.

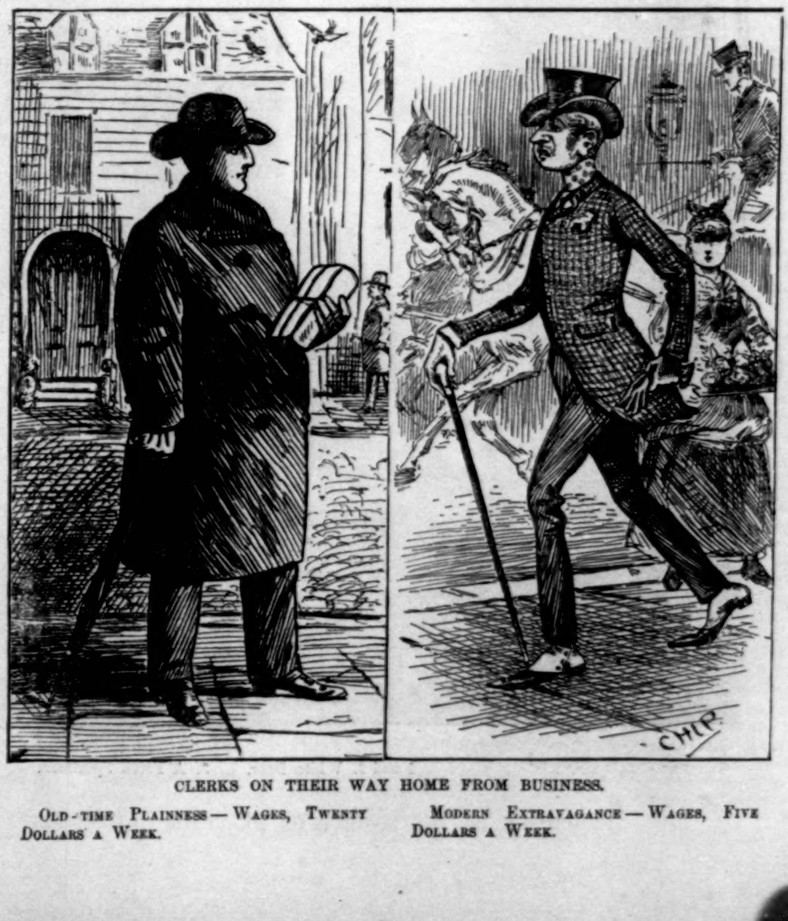
May 24 has been fixed upon as the day for opening the East River Bridge. It should be remembered that this is not a date following a postponement. If the disappointments which have attended the work from its beginning are continued, the date of the opening will have to be fixed at least once more. The interesting question of tolls still engages the attention of the trustees.

It is announced that the museum of the Dead-letter Office in Washington is now open to the public. Persons who know of love-letters which have gone astray bearing their signatures will be apt to feel uneasy till they are assured that the sanctity of such epistles is not laid bare in the museum, which, according to an account, is "very attractive to visitors." The display is mainly of the curious articles which have been committed to the mail-boxes, but which, for one reason or another, could not be delivered to the persons for whom they were intended.

Several oppossums have been captured recently in the streets of Washington, and it is said that the Smithsonian and Agricultural parks "are full of them." It is suggested that 'possum hunts by moonlight may take their place among the fall attractions of the capital.

It seems that the Orphans' Court is the proper tribunal in Philadelphia before which to carry questions concerning the rights of dogs. The late Rev. Mr. Connor left a legacy of ten dollars a week for the maintenance of his faithful dog, and designated Mary Tierney as the person who should care for the animal and receive the pay. The executor of the will refuses to make the weekly payments, and Mary Tierney has filed a petition in the Orphans' Court, asking that he be ordered to pay up from the 1st of February.

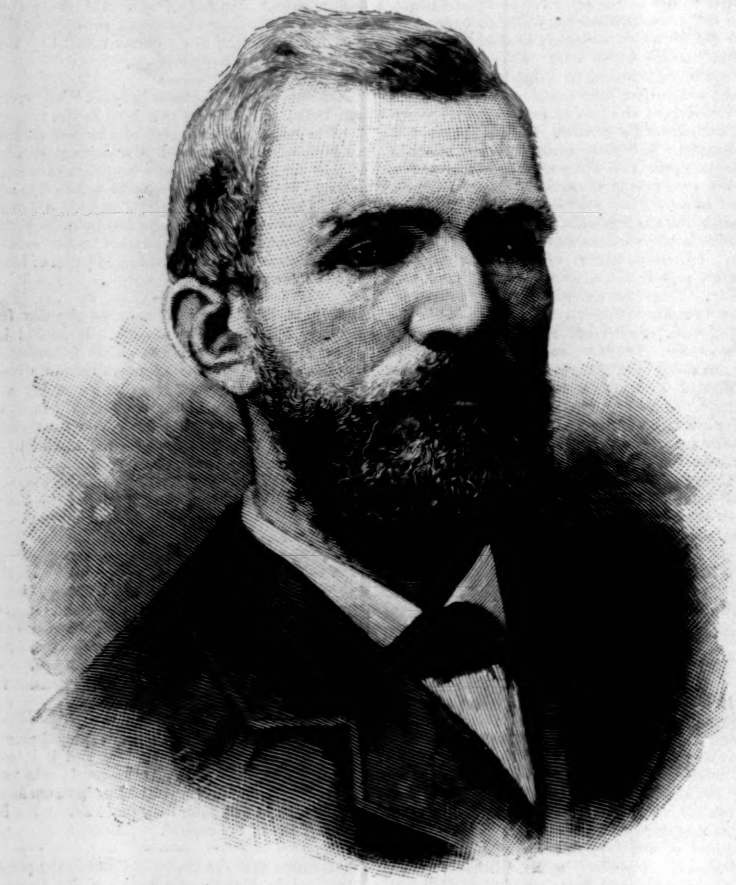
A granite quarrying company of Missouri has employed a considerable force of laborers for five months in drilling a hole into a mountain. Eight thousand pounds of powder will be packed in the hole and exploded. It is hoped that the shock will rend the mountain asunder, loosening sufficient granite to keep the men busy for two years cutting it into paving blocks. An account of the work says it was expected that the blast would be ready to be fired about the 1st of May. Heavy blasts have usually proved disappointing, notably the submarine blast at Hell Gate a few years ago, which, instead of cracking Manhattan Island in two or deluging two cities with East River water, went off very tamely, and disappointed the thousands who had secured advantageous positions from which to view the catastrophe.



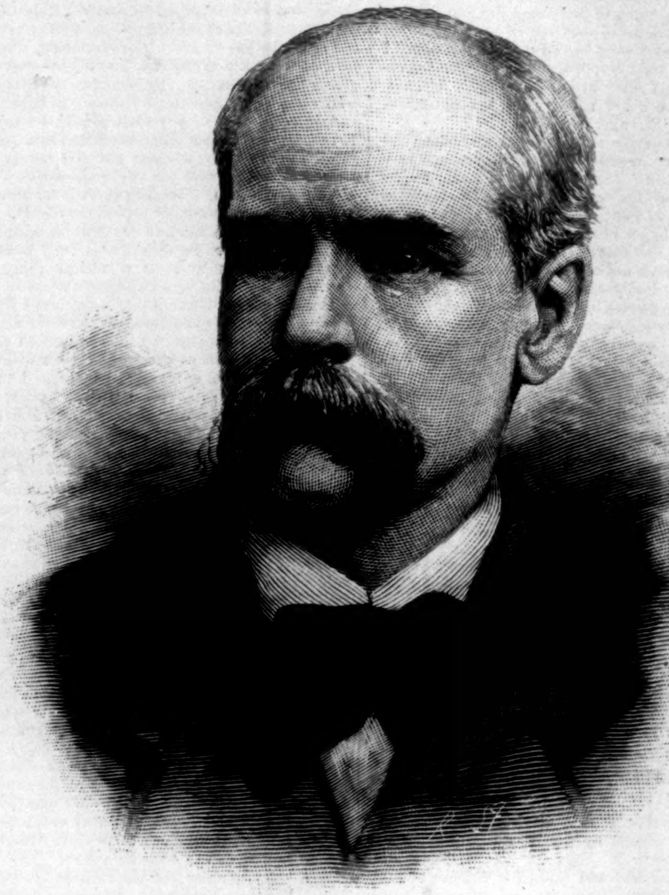
CLERKS ON THEIR WAY HOME FROM BUSINESS.

Old-time Plainness—Wages, Twenty Dollars a Week.

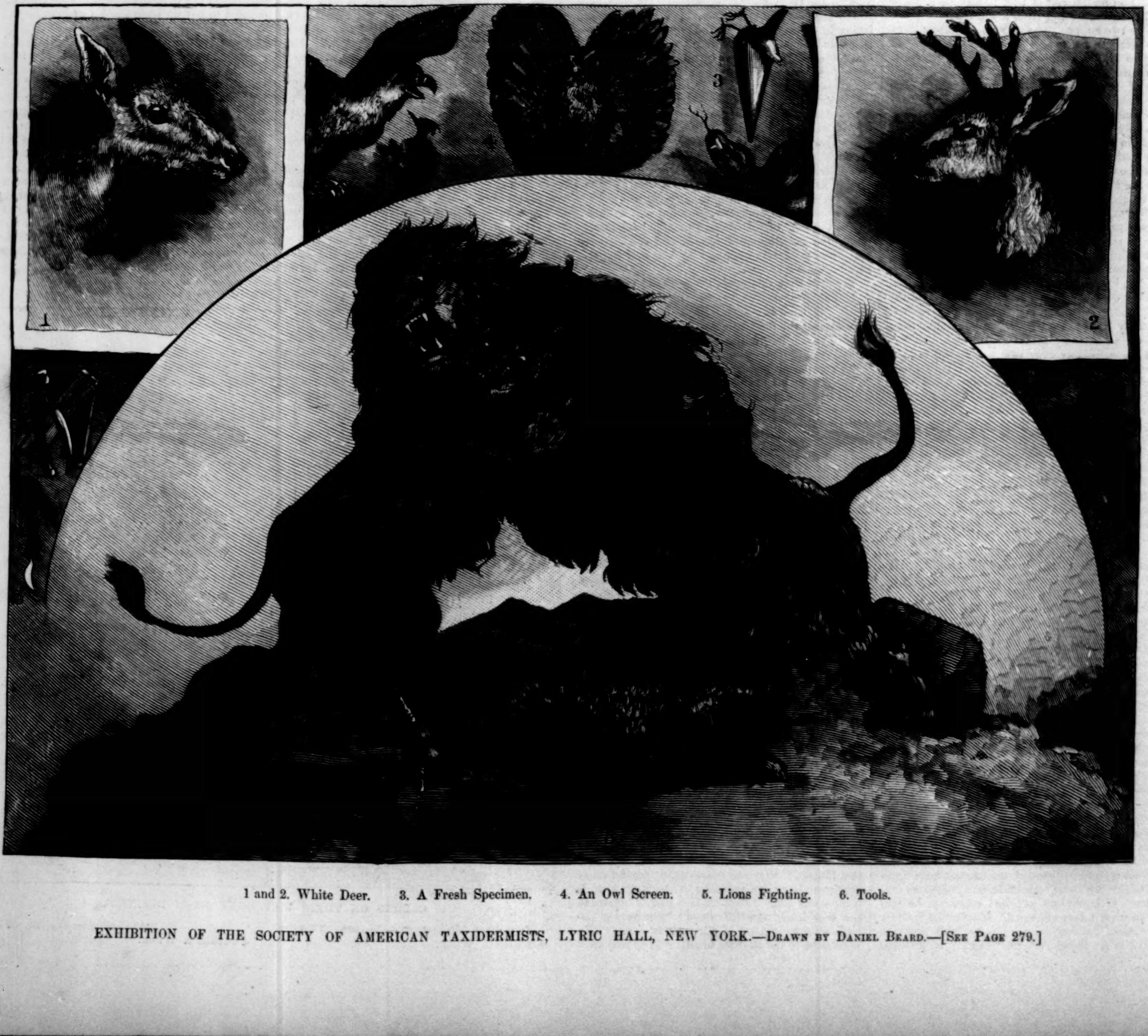
Modern Extravagance—Wages, Five Dollars a Week.



ANDREW MASON, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE UNITED STATES ASSAY OFFICE, NEW YORK.—Photographed by Dana.—[See Page 279.]

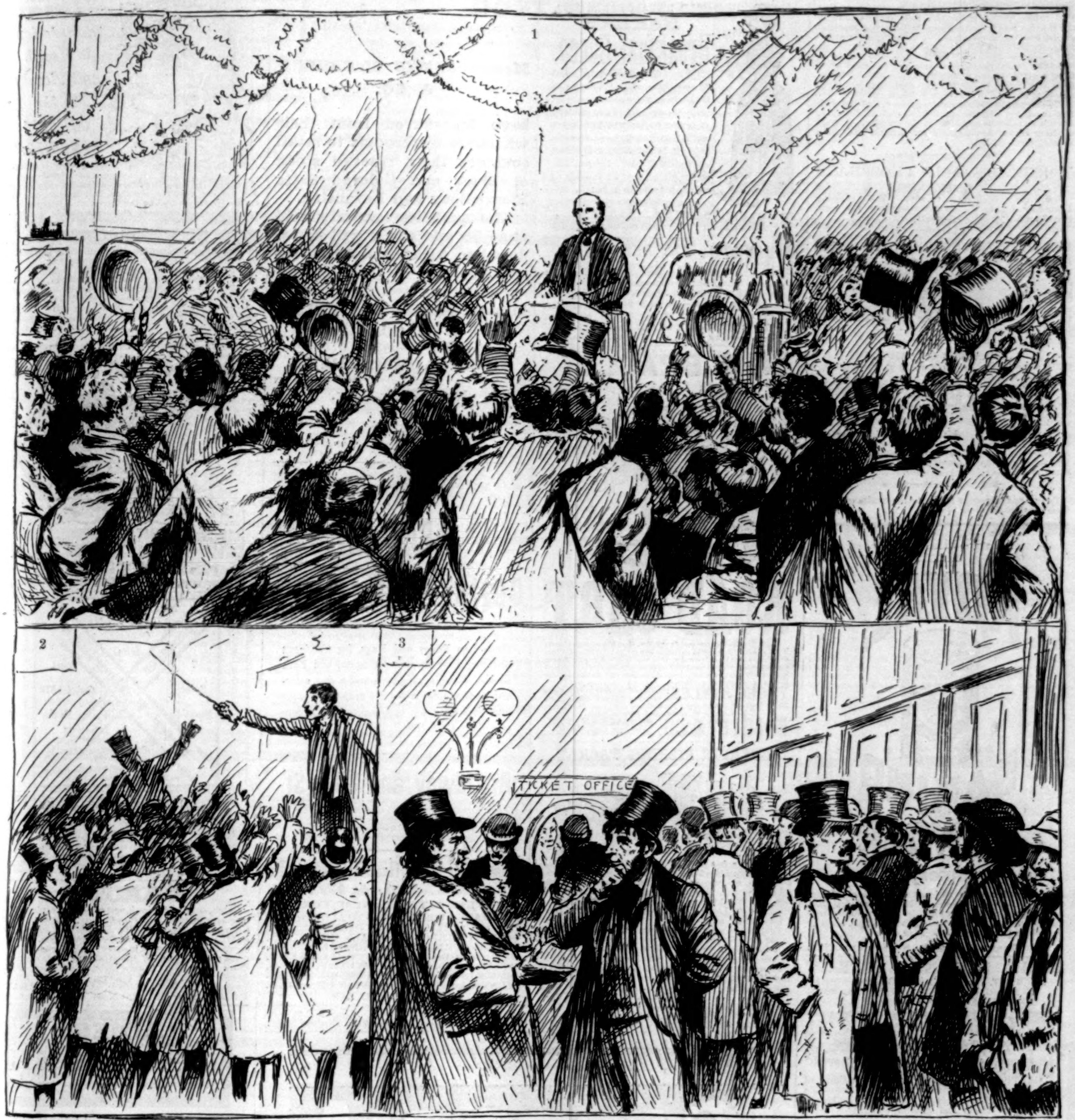


THE LATE JAMES PARK, JUN.
Photographed by Dabbs.—[See Page 279.]



1 and 2. White Deer. 3. A Fresh Specimen. 4. An Owl Screen. 5. Lions Fighting. 6. Tools.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN TAXIDERMISTS, LYRIC HALL, NEW YORK.—Drawn by Daniel Beard.—[See Page 279.]



1. Reception of Mr. Egan. 2. Pennsylvania Delegates in Private Session. 3. Delegates presenting Credentials and obtaining Tickets for the Floor.

THE IRISH CONVENTION AT PHILADELPHIA.—Sketched by our Special Artist.

BURYING THE LAND LEAGUE.

In the City of Brotherly Love there assembled last week as delegates from the several States of the Union and representatives of the several patriotic Irish organizations throughout the country a Horticultural Hall full of Irishmen. Their object in meeting was to bury the Land League—"brutally murdered by the coercion of the British government in Ireland"—and to organize in its place another and a more powerful association.

This object was duly accomplished, and with circumstances of moderation and self-respect that invest the closing scene of the Land League's existence with a dignity that had not uniformly characterized it when in full health and vigor. For no secret was made of the fact that a considerable section of the Irish Convention which has been performing such momentous functions in the Horticultural Hall of Philadelphia was in favor of retaining the Land League's name as well as its plan of operations, or that another and smaller section was anxious to give to the new association a more violent and "unconstitutional" platform than its predecessor. Fortunately both "factions," as speakers at the Convention called them, gave way at the last, and with the double object of showing that they were Irishmen before they were partisans, and that they were advocates of no policy "likely to embarrass Mr. Parnell in his great work," they united with the majority to squash obstruction and promote harmony of opinion and action.

It was hardly, however, with as good a grace as the rest that O'Donovan Rossa yielded to circumstances. He went to the Convention inspired with the belief that he would eventually prove the dictator of the Parliament. But he found the odds in favor of moderate counsels overwhelming, and the general inclination to orderly discussion too unmistakable to permit him to venture on any experiments with combustible topics, or any pyrotechny of inflammable arguments. Indeed, he discovered that it was very possible that he might not be admitted into the Convention at all; and to make this impossible came provided with a press pass, and took his seat at the reporters' table. When spoken to, however, he announced with characteristic assurance that he intended to join the Convention as "the delegate of the Supreme Council of the Skirmishing Fund," let all the moderate party say him nay if they liked, and that his "credentials"—consisting of a souvenir of a British jail in the shape of a British pardon, sealed with the prodigious wax seal of the Home Secretary's "merciful department"—were sufficient to insure him a seat in any convention of patriotic Irishmen. But to his surprise he found these credentials altogether inadequate to pass him, notoriously charged with explosives as he was, into the deliberative councils of United Irish-America. So Rossa had to plead justification for admission on the ground that he was the elect of the Order of United Irishmen, and on this plea he succeeded in making good his boast, and entering the Convention as one of the delegates of New York.

That the chief apostle of criminal agitation should thus have had to divest himself of his war-paint before being permitted to join the comparatively tranquil assembly of his fellow-patriots is a matter for congratulation; but we would remind the leaders of the new movement that the teaching of all history is this, that when any party consists of a moderate and a violent faction, the latter always gains the upper hand eventually. Moderation and enthusiasm do not go together, and as soon as the men of temperate counsels begin to flag in their efforts at control, the extremists gradually oust them from the leadership, and take the helm themselves. And if the day ever comes when the avowed advocates of dynamite and assassination shall obtain the control of the movement for alleviating the condition of Ireland, on that day the sympathies of the whole American nation will be irrevocably alienated.

The meeting, indeed, was strongly Hibernian—especially under the genial chairmanship of Father Doheny, whose abundant mother-wit found a repartee for every offender, and an escape in a joke from every dilemma—for very pronounced throughout the sittings was the Irishman's chivalrous respect to the fair sex. Every entry and exit of Mrs. Parnell was the signal for enthusiastic cheering, every reference to her dead daughter, the late Miss Fanny Parnell, a pretext for expressions of condolence and sympathy, while the lady delegates on the platform were repeatedly welcomed with plaudits. Equally prominent also was the Hibernian instinct for the parade of insignia, and not only the coats of the delegates, but the platform and walls of the hall, abounded in those mysterious legends and devices, always running to gilt harps on green ribbons, so dear to the Irish patriots. Mixed with these, in judicious concession, as it were, to the United States, were various emblems of America and her Constitution, and on the platform a large bust of Washington unfairly divided the honors with a small plaster statuette of Parnell, chiefly remarkable, in an artistic sense, for the amplitude of those nether garments which one memorable Sunday morning in 1880 the free and independent voters of Enniscorthy so nearly pulled off Charles Stewart's person, in their sudden priest-led indignation against "dictators."

But times have changed since then, and the priests who tried four years ago to hold back "the finest pisantry in the world" from joining the no-rent agitation, were conspicuous in Philadelphia by their numbers, no fewer than forty being returned as delegates. But who could have foreseen, standing on that bleak hillside of Balla four years ago, and hearing Parnell and Davitt, and Dillon and Costello, delivering their first speeches on behalf of an evicted widow and her family, with the keen wind sweeping across the dreary bog-land, and the sharp sleet driving in their faces, that the "no-rent agitation" would grow into a Land League, and the Land League into an Irish-American National Convention? Or that an agitation so modestly begun on an Irish farmstead, with a handful of Galway farmers for audience, would have closed its first era in such a convention of American citizens as Philadelphia has just witnessed?

STATISTICS from the Census Department show that New Haven, Conn., is the healthiest seaport town in the world. Its clean streets, noble elms, and beautiful drives, both to the shore and in country, are wonderfully attractive to large numbers of our city people that evidently unite with Dr. Holland, who said in an article in *Scribner's* a year or two ago that the City of Elms was "a charming place;" and, he added, "Moseley's New Haven House is a peculiarly excellent place at which to stop."—*New York Tribune.*

We can add to the above hearty word, that the sanitary condition and the comfort, as well as the table, are not excelled by any hotel in the country. The air of New Haven is delightful for invalids and those seeking rest.—[*Adv.*]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

IN SEASICKNESS.

S. S. PARKER, Wellington, O., says: "While crossing Lake Erie, I gave it to some passengers who were seasick, and it gave immediate relief."—[*Adv.*]

THE PRESIDENT'S FORGETFULNESS

In not taking with him a supply of DR. TOBIAS'S VENETIAN LINIMENT on his Florida fishing trip; it would have relieved him from the torment of mosquitoes, gnats, and ticks, prevented the sun from blistering the skin, made the water pure, and relieved many ailments that flesh is heir to. Fishermen will do well to note that this great remedy can be found at all the druggists.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE

Softens the hair when harsh and dry.
Soothes the irritated scalp.
Affords the richest lustre.
Prevents the hair from falling off.
Promotes its healthy, vigorous growth.—[*Adv.*]

ALL persons afflicted with Dyspepsia, Diarrhœa, Colic, and all kinds of indigestions will find immediate relief and sure cure by using ANGOSTURA BITTERS. The only genuine is manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.—[*Adv.*]

THOUSANDS of people testify to the merits of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—[*Adv.*]

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Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low-test, short-weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street, N. Y.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility. "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c.

CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label. This caution is necessary, owing to various cheap and inferior substitutes being in the market.

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Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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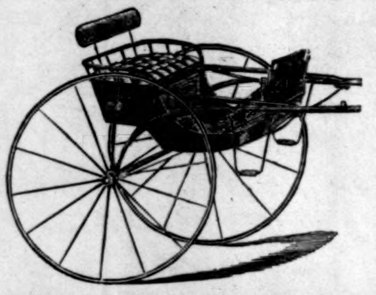
THE BRADLEY



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THREE STYLES weighing from **90** to **160** lbs. Prices from **$55** to **$80.**

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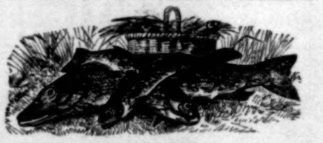

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Testimonial of a Boston lady.

DISFIGURING Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

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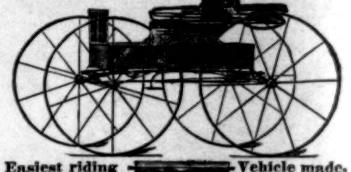

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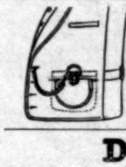

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"Castoria is so well adapted to Children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
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What gives our Children rosy cheeks,
What cures their fevers, makes them sleep;
'Tis Castoria.

When babies fret and cry by turns,
What cures their colic, kills their worms,
But Castoria.

What quickly cures Constipation,
Sour Stomach, Colds, Indigestion,
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Farewell then to Morphine Syrups,
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to make the trade familiar with his name.
The Case itself is a magnificent one,
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CLAMS ARE NOT A PROPER MODEL FOR A HUMAN BEING TO COPY AFTER

they are wedded to their old clam-like notions:—they open their shells to take in their accustomed food, but they shut up very tight when anything new comes along

FOR THEY ARE CLAMS

AND DONT PROPOSE TO ALLOW THINGS TO PENETRATE THEIR SHELLS THAT WERE UNKNOWN TO THEIR GRANDFATHER CLAMS AND TO THEIR GRANDMOTHER CLAMS:—

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A WIDE-AWAKE HOUSEKEEPER* will *TRY* new ways that are *endorsed by leading newspapers:—

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A WIDE-AWAKE GROCER* will try a new Molasses Gate and a new Coal Oil Can *and will buy the kind of goods his customers call for:—

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TO GROCERS' WIVES
We offer a Special Premium
of a beautiful set of Plated
Silver Knives and Forks,
for simply giving
The Frank Siddalls Soap
a thorough trial.

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ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

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JUST THINK! No Scalding or Boiling! No Smell on Wash-day!
Clothes Clean and Beautifully White, and as Sweet as if never worn!
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The Soap Positively Guaranteed not to injure even the Finest Laces!

***Where water or fuel is scarce** remember that with The Frank Siddalls Soap*
much less fuel** is necessary, and **a few buckets of water** is enough for a large **wash.

JUST THINK! Flannels and Blankets as soft as when New!
The most delicate Colored Lawns and Prints actually Brightened!
A girl of 12 or 13 can easily do a large wash without even being tired!
And best of all, the wash done in less than half the usual time!

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes:—it is the only Soap that leaves the dish-rag **Sweet and White,** and the only Soap that can be depended upon to remove **the smell of Fish, Onions, etc., from forks and dishes. When you have a dirty dish-rag dont blame your servants;** *it is not their fault;* for you have given them soap made of Rancid Grease, and the result **is a foul dish-rag; use The Frank Siddalls Soap,** made of **Pure Beef Suet, and you will have a Clean, Sweet-smelling Cloth.**

So here is the Housekeeper's Choice:
Common soap and a foul dishrag—or—The Frank Siddalls Soap and a dish-rag to be proud of.

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This is where The Frank Siddalls Soap appeals to the real ladylike Housekeeper. Use it for Scrubbing and Cleaning. Use it for Washing Paints, Windows and Mirrors, Wine-glasses, Goblets, and all Glass Vessels; ***ordinary soap, as is well known, is not fit for washing glass;*** while The Frank Siddalls Soap is a most elegant thing for this purpose. **Use it for Washing Marble Door Steps, Bureau Tops, Marble Statuary, Mantlepieces, etc:—*It is the nicest thing for marble that can be imagined.***

For Washing Bed Clothes and Bedding, even of Patients with Contagious and Infectious Diseases, and for washing utensils used in the Sick-room, it can be relied on to cleanse and purify without scalding or boiling a single article.

FOR WASHING BABIES AND BABY CLOTHES

Babies will not suffer with prickly heat or be troubled with sores of any kind when nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, **its ingredients being so pure and mild.**

Dont use Soda to wash nursing bottles or gum tubes—*dont even scald them*—but wash them only with this Soap, and they will never get sour, but will always be sweet and clean.

FOR THE SCHOOL BOY AND GIRL

It is the best thing for washing blackboards and school slates, leaving them entirely free from grease, and without causing a scratch; the Soap does not have to be rinsed off.

FOR MEN TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

The Merchant and his Clerk, the Photographer, the Optician, the Artist, the Printer, the Actor, the Bather at the Turkish Bath, the Barber, the Hotel Keeper, the Stable, the Railroad, the Army and the Navy, will all reap great benefit from the remarkable properties of The Frank Siddalls Soap.

FOR SHAVING

Its heavy, lasting lather is so different from that of any Shaving Soap that its superiority is almost incredible; the face never **burns or smarts, no matter** how dull the razor, how tender the skin, or how closely shaved, ***and the Sponge and Soap Cup will always be sweet-smelling.***

IMPORTANT FOR SHIPBOARD AND ARMY USE:—It washes freely in hard water, and where water is scarce, remember that The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing only takes a few buckets of water for a large wash.

FOR HORSES, HARNESS, CARRIAGES, etc.

It is vastly superior to Castile Soap for washing a horse's mane and tail, while for washing Sores, Galls, Scratches, etc., *it is indispensable.* No stable is complete without it. For Harness, it is better than Harness Soap, thoroughly cleansing the leather and rendering it soft and pliable, while for **washing cars and car windows,** cleaning the running-gear and bodies of **fine carriages,** it is without a rival; by its use **paint and varnish will last much longer, and the Windows and Lamps will be as clear as crystal.**

The Frank Siddalls Soap is elegant for washing Printing Ink from the hands, and from Printers' Rollers, Type, and Electrotypes, being much better than Benzine, and safer, as shocking accidents by fire often occur from Benzine, and parents whose children use Amateur Printing Presses should remember this.

Type and Rollers washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap are in splendid condition for immediate use, and will take the ink readily.

SPECIAL FOR PHYSICIANS

To the Physician, the Druggist, the Nurse, and the Patient, its importance is becoming more and more widely known and appreciated, and it is rapidly superseding Imported Castile and similar soaps for use in the **Sick Room, the Nursery and Hospital.**

IN CASE OF INGROWING TOE-NAILS

In place of cotton-wool, a little of The Frank Siddalls Soap should be kept pressed between the nail and tender flesh—one trial will prove its superiority over cotton-wool.

AS AN ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT

For Washing Old Running Sores, Bed Sores, Cuts, Wounds and Burns; for washing **Chafed Places on Infants and Adults;** for use by persons suffering with **Salt-Rheum, Tetter, Ringworm, Itching Piles, Eruptions on the Face,** and for children afflicted with **Scaly Incrustations,** it is without any of the injurious effects often experienced when other soap is used, while for washing the invalid **it is a most valuable aid to the Physician,** by the thoroughness with which it removes the exhalations from the skin that would otherwise counteract the action of his medicines by closing up the pores, **and which cannot be accomplished by any other soap.**

Letters from well-known Physicians, describing their experience in their practice with The Frank Siddalls Soap, leave no doubt of the truth of these assertions.

Use it for Washing Sores on the Feet, caused by walking or wearing tight shoes.
Always leave plenty of the lather on—dont rinse the lather off.

For washing Graduate Measures and Mortars it is better than anything else.

FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION

All Perfumes are injurious to the Skin; *The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed,* but has an agreeable odor from its ingredients, that is always pleasant, even to an invalid; it never leaves any odor on the **Skin;** the face never has any of the unpleasant gloss that other soaps produce; **it should always be used for washing the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin:—***a child will not dread having its face washed when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used,* as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense sting that even Imported Castile Soap often causes; it always leaves the skin Soft and Smooth.

No tooth-powder or tooth-wash will compare with it.
A little on the tooth-brush makes the mouth, teeth and gums perfectly clean.
It leaves a pleasant aromatic taste, a sweet breath, and a clean tooth-brush.

It is especially adapted for toilet use with the hard water of the West and in Lake-water.

PERSONS WHO DESPISE A MUSTY SPONGE or WASH-RAG will appreciate The Frank Siddalls Soap. Whenever either a Sponge or Wash-rag has a disagreeable smell, it is due entirely to the so-called fine toilet soap that is such a favorite with you; it is the place of soap to keep a sponge or wash-rag sweet and clean, and The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the air or sun.

When used for washing the head it is better than Shampooing; plenty of the rich, white lather should be left in the hair (***not washed out;***) **it entirely does away with the use of Hair Tonic, Bay Rum, Bandoline, Pomade, or any hair dressing.** Used this way it removes dandruff, the hair will not collect dust, and there will not be any itching of the scalp:—**Coat Collars, Hat Linings and Neck-wear will keep clean much longer.**

—Try it for washing your Eye-Glasses and Spectacles.—

The Frank Siddalls Soap is superior to Benzine or Ammonia for Cleaning Coat Collars, and for removing Grease Spots, etc., and is guaranteed not to injure the garment.

ODD USES—QUAINT USES—SPECIAL USES

Eminent Physicians claim that skin diseases, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Pimples, etc., are caused by Soap made from rancid grease; use The Frank Siddalls Soap and avoid all such troubles.

Artificial Teeth and Artificial Eyes will retain their original brilliancy unimpaired when kept washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

It Washes Telescope Lenses and Photographers' Plates without a possibility of scratching them, while it is being used with the most gratifying results in **Schools of Design** for washing the expensive brushes used by the students.

For Washing Pearls, Coral, Diamonds, and other precious stones, Jewelry, Gold and Silver Plate, and for cleaning Watch Crystals, it is considered by Jewelers superior to any powder or other preparation.

Wash your Dog with The Frank Siddalls Soap; leave plenty of the lather in its hair, and you will be surprised at the improvement; a dog washed with this Soap will be too clean to harbor fleas

Use it for taking grease spots out of fine carpets and for cleaning rag carpets; also for cleaning garments of every description. It is better than Benzine or Hartshorn for cleaning clothing, and is guaranteed not to injure the fabric.

***Use it for wiping off oil cloths, linoleum, &c.*—IT KEEPS THE COLORS BRIGHT,**
and as it does away with scrubbing them, they will of course last much longer,

The hands of those at farm work, when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, ***will not chap*** from husking corn driving teams, and other out-door employment, *but of course* home-made soap, toilet soap or any other kind **MUST NOT BE USED** (***not even Castile Soap***).

It is invaluable to farmers for washing wool before carding it, or before selling it.

Milk Pans, Churns and Milk Utensils when washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap will be as clean and sweet as new, and do NOT require scalding or putting in the sun. It also THOROUGHLY removes the smell from the hands after milking.

HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY

at Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores.

Send the retail price 10 cents in money or Postage Stamps.
Say she saw the advertisement in "HARPER'S WEEKLY."
Only send for One Cake and make these 2 promises:

Promise No. 1—**That the Soap shall be used the first wash-day after receiving it and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.**

Promise No. 2—**That the person sending will personally see that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be exactly followed.**

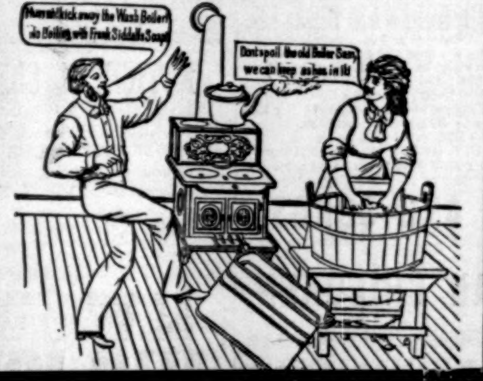
By return mail, a regular 10-cent cake of Soap will be sent, *postage prepaid;* it will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in Postage Stamps will be put on. All this is done for 10 cents *because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen to sell it to the stores.*

If your letter gets no attention,
it will be because
you have not made the promises,
or because you have sent for
more than one cake.

Make the promises very plain, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

A Cake will be sent Free of Charge to the Wife of a Grocer and the Wife of a Minister if the above TWO promises are made.

No intelligent woman will refuse to try such a clean, sensible invention.


Now we'll kick away the Wash Boiler
no Boiling with Frank Siddalls Soap
Dont spoil the old Boiler Sam,
we can keep ashes in it!

How to Tell a Person of Refinement.

A Person of Refinement will be glad to adopt a new, easy, clean way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy way

How to Tell a Person of Intelligence.

A Person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

How to Tell a Person of Honor.

A Person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy the Soap and not follow the directions so strongly urged.

How to Tell Sensible Persons.

Sensible Persons will not get mad, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

And now dont get the old wash-boiler mended, but next wash-day give one honest trial to Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

Only One Cake must be sent for,
but after trying it, dealers will buy it
from their wholesale houses
to accommodate you,
or you can order direct from the Factory.

You must NOT send for more than one cake:
If a friend wants to try it, she must send in a separate letter.

And Now for the Clean, Neat, Easy, Genteel Ladylike FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

There is nothing intricate about these directions:—any child over 12 years of age—who has common sense—will have no trouble in following them:—

A Wash-boiler MUST NOT be used ***NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER,*** and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small kettle holds enough for a large wash.

A Wash-boiler will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, *in spite of the most careful housekeeper,* which injures the delicate ingredients that are in this Soap

Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle
THE FIRST TIME, *no matter how odd it seems.*

Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces.

Be sure to always make the last water soapy; the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn, and stains that have been overlooked in washing will bleach out while drying, and the clothes will iron easier.

Always dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch;
it makes the ironing easier, and the clothes handsomer.

The Frank Siddalls Soap washes freely in hard water without Soda, Lye, or any washing compound; dont use Borax, Ammonia, or any other soap on any of the wash.

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in a tub of lukewarm water; draw it out on a wash-board, and rub the Soap LIGHTLY over it so as not to waste it, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled places.

Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up.

Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work.

NEXT—After soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on a wash-board AND THE DIRT WILL DROP OUT; turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, *but DONT use any more Soap;* DONT SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water; if it gets too cold for the hands add some hot water out of the tea-kettle.

If a Streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw it back into the suds for a few minutes.

NEXT COMES THE RINSING—which is to be done in lukewarm water, AND IS FOR THE PURPOSE OF GETTING THE DIRTY SUDS OUT, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on a wash-board through the rinse-water (*without using any more Soap*) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. ANY SMART HOUSEKEEPER WILL KNOW JUST HOW TO DO THIS.

NEXT, the blue-water, which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use little or no Blueing, for this Soap takes the place of Blueing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

Afterwards soap the Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let them stand 20 minutes to 1 hour, and wash the same way as the white pieces, being sure to make the last rinse-water soapy.

THE MOST DELICATE COLORS WILL NOT FADE WHEN WASHED THIS WAY, BUT WILL BE THE BRIGHTER.

Address all Letters:—OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP 1019 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.